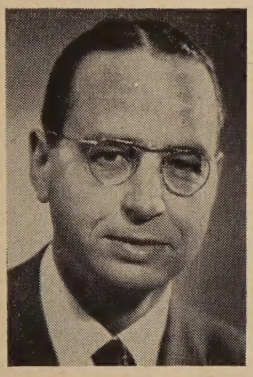
The Pulpit

A Journal of Contemporary Preaching



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By Elton Trueblood

THE GROUND OF

THE basic ideas of the free society all turn out, upon analysis, to be moral ideas. The free society is, in essence, the responsible society, for responsibility is the one valid alternative to both slavery and license. But responsibility is meaningless unless there is a moral order. It is utterly pointless to try to discover what it is that we ought to do, unless there is an objective standard, by which both our moral failures and our moral successes can be judged. It is idle to talk about missing the mark unless a target really exists.

The upholders of the free society, insofar as they understand their own position, are necessarily committed to a philosophy of objective moral value, and, in this regard, there is bound to be a fundamental cleavage between the two conceptions of life now competing for men's minds. The adherents of the free order are committed to the rule that no human being of any race or class is to be insulted or neglected, not because that is the way they like it, but because the sacredness of personality is intrinsic to the moral order which is part of the real world.

Rival Conceptions

The idea of a moral order means that the philosophy of materialism is a false philosophy. The conviction, based on experience, is that ours is indeed a world of material forces which we neglect at our peril, but that it is more. It is also a world in which there is a real right in every situation and this, far from being a reflection of our subjective wishes, is something central to the nature of the world. The scientific order is something that we discover and do not make, and the same is true of the moral order. What the nature of the order is, we have great difficulty in knowing, but it is most superficial to infer nonexistence from the difficulty of certainty. It is meaningless to try to understand the material order unless there is one, and it is likewise meaningless to discuss what we ought to do unless we are discussing something that is objectively real. But if moral values are real, they are objects about which true and false statements can be made. The major philosophical heritage of free men, arising in gre measure from the analysis of Socrates, is that the objectivity of truth, including the truth abo the good life for all men. The practical alternati to this philosophy is the notion, intrinsic to t system regnant on the other side of the iron cu tain, that ethical judgments are neither true n false, but are merely counters in the propagand game.

Reason and experience both forbid us to expe that national morality can be minimized witho religion.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

There is no way of overstressing the contra between the rival conceptions at this point. A cording to one conception, the moral law is obje tive and inherently universal, binding on all me in all places. Justice, truth and love are not ma made, even though men may have great difficult in knowing what they involve in concrete situa tions. For the Marxist, however, morality is se ondary rather than primary; it is whatever pr motes the Workers' State. Since morality is purel instrumental, it may be appealed to when interes is thereby served, as in discussions of the Unite Nations, but it may, with equal ease, be neglecte Lying, treachery, deceit and even torture may b employed, without any reluctance or self-con demnation, if the class struggle seems to requir these actions. In short, morality is really nothing because it involves no genuine imperatives. In thi system, "I ought" is nonsense.

Ultimate Truth Sustains Free World

The fact that the upholders of a free society ar necessarily committed to a belief in the valid de mands of a moral law is both a source of strengt and a source of weakness. It gives strength for th long run, but is often a handicap in the short run Commitment to the truth may be a serious limita tion on freedom to attack opponents. This is be cause the philosophy of freedom determines no merely what we say, but also the way in which w say it and the evidence on which we depend. Th Communist spokesman is, in one sense, far mor free than his opponents are, because he need no be limited by what is historically the case. Th question of who started the aggression in Kore is not, by communist standards, a matter de termined by objective truth, but rather a matte determined by the needs of political strategy.

Once we understand that the free society in

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A time of strain may be a time of greatness

HOPE

olves a belief in objective morality, with all the tendant handicaps, we are in a far better posi- on to present the exciting proposal to the world. qual justice and respect for personality do not en stand alone, unsupported, but rest on a firm undation of what is really right. They are not eas which we choose, but ideas which are recog- zed as inherent in a truly moral conception of e universe. Our hope lies in the fact that the ee society has ultimate and eternal truth on its de.

Good as this is, and important as it is, the nphasis on moral foundations is not enough. aw is wonderful, but, when we think carefully, e know that Law requires a Lawgiver. Of all the leas connected with the free society, the one hich is the most exciting, as well as the most ndamental, is that the Lawgiver truly is, and is ot a figment of our imaginations or a projection f our human hopes. Both socialism and secular- m are widely espoused as substitutes for a deep eligious faith, but they are obviously inadequate something stronger can be presented as the ore reasonable alternative.

Historical Faith

There is a rational system of belief which can ive support to the poor faltering inhabitants of his earth and, at the same time, make reasonable he leading ideas of the responsible society. This s not a matter of speculation, but is, instead, a eveloping historical faith that has already been ested by the verification which cumulative expe- ience provides. It is something about which there s no need for a thoughtful person to be apologetic.

The heart of this whole world view, on which so many of the world religions unite, in spite of par- icular differences, is that behind and beyond our world of change there is Another, the Living God. A world, which is forever passing away, cannot explain itself and requires, therefore, an explana- ion beyond itself, if we are to avoid the confusion of hopeless irrationality. This world makes sense f it is God's handiwork, but, if God is not, it is an ncomprehensible mystery. Of all the facts which are embarrassing to the materialistic atheist, the most embarrassing is the fact of personality, as illustrated in himself. How could personality, which demonstrably exists, have arisen in a purely impersonal world of mere matter and energy? The logic is that Divine Personality can explain the existence of finite persons and matter and energy, whereas matter and energy cannot explain personality. There is undoubtedly an order to the universe, as the movements of heavenly bodies so vividly demonstrate, but what is the nature of that order? If it is only a mechanical order, there is fundamental irrationality, because such an order cannot account for the experiences we know best, the experiences in which thought becomes a true cause of motion. The Marxists, of course, try to maintain that freedom of thought is unreal and that what we think is determined in advance by prior material events. However, this is the weakest point in their system, if we consider seriously human experience, for such a system rules out all possibility of responsibility. No man is responsible for what he cannot help. But if we pay any attention to experience, we must somehow include responsibility, since this is more deep-seated than any other part of our common experience.

World Order Fundamentally Purposive

The great heritage, then, is based on the notion that the order of the universe is fundamentally a purposive order. If our reasoning on this point is valid, our world is a world with a deep and pervasive meaning. Behind the passing shadow of events is not some impersonal dialectic, exhibiting the oddly self-contradictory notion of a material entity acting like a mind, but rather a great loving and patient Purpose, the Purpose of Almighty God who made us and whose servants we are. This we ought to present to the world, not as something which we have dreamed up in order to make us feel good, but as the only intellectual alternative to the sheer irrationality of the pure secularist or the manifest inadequacy of the Marxist dialectic. The best reason for accepting the theistic faith is not that it makes us feel good, or even that it can be instrumental in maintaining our culture, but first of all because we are driven to it, by rational consistency, because it is true.

The idea that the world order is fundamentally purposive is one of the most exciting ideas of which we can conceive. We are purposive, of course, but we are much weakened in our efforts if we believe that we are alien accidents in a world which has spawned us as incredible mutations. We are sheer oddities if the stream of events has risen higher than its source. The man who is constrained to believe that the world order is merely mechanical may be personally a good man, but, if he is intelligent, he is bound to be a lonely man. If our only hope is in our own little experiment on this tiny planet in the Milky Way, we know that our lives are both temporary and unsupported. But if, on the other hand, we are driven by rigorous thought to believe that this is God's world, that the Milky Way and all the rest are under the care of One who made the world in love, as the scene of the great experiment devoted to the development of finite creatures who can be trusted with the dangerous gift of freedom, life is shot through with both meaning and power. If, in addition, we have reason to believe that our life here and now is only the beginning of an everlast-

ing life in which we have a chance to grow in harmony with God's purpose, then even our short days are dignified and glorified.

Above all, this faith gives a meaning to our little lives, without which we cannot long endure. We know that millions now find some meaning in the belief that they are being used by the dialectic of history, but how poor this impersonal force must seem in contrast with what might be known and loved. The prophetic heritage teaches us that at the heart of the historical process is not some impersonal force, but One who knows and cares and who has a special purpose for each one of his children, even though he has given them the privilege of spurning and spoiling it if they choose. The prayer of each then becomes, "O Lord, make me an instrument of thy Purpose," but the prayer can be a conversation rather than monologue. The dialectic cannot answer, but God can answer and does.

Today, after many ups and downs, we are, in many parts of the world, in another period of religious vitality. The marks of the new vitality are many, including the demand for religious books, the increased attendance at public worship, and the reappearance of mass evangelism which, many supposed, had lost its appeal forever. There are likewise evidences of renewed religious vitality in those parts of the world in which the Judeo-Christian conception is not dominant. An illustration of this is the organization of the highly important Sixth Buddhist Congress in Burma, with a widespread renewal of Buddhist loyalty. Even in Russia the new vitality is felt, and this we know by the contemporary attack on faith as mere superstition.

Renewed Religious Vitality

If the present resurgence of faith can help us to be truly humble, with contrition for the ways in which we have resisted the full demands of brotherhood, and if, in addition, it can fill us with courage to work for freedom and justice wherever that work is possible, ours can be a truly wonderful time. The demonstration, in any society, of what is involved in the demands of prophetic religion, would be so appealing that it would be invincible. If we could really put it into practice, in any thorough way, in all phases of our lives, economic, political, educational, the result would be so revolutionary and so exciting that the news of it would pierce any man-made curtain, whether constructed of iron or bamboo or any other substance.

The present division of the world is a terrible thing and must not go on forever. But how can it be ended? The notion of two parts of the world, going on for centuries, with radically incompatible purposes, in which each is committed to thwarting the other if possible, but also in which one side is necessarily committed to subverting the other by force and by conspiracy, is truly horrible. It mu not be!

Since we reject a planned war, with its mutu destruction, as wholly inadmissible, the only so tion open to us is dedication to the enterprise which, perhaps very slowly, we so demonstra a truly free society, both in our internal affai and in our just dealings with others, that the id finally penetrates. Our only opportunity, co sistent with our democracy itself, is to show to t world something so intrinsically appealing th the children of the men now in the Kremlin w be moved to espouse it. Stranger developmen have come in history, as we are reminded wh we remember that those who belonged to the fir Christian society on the continent of Europe, t church at Philippi, were sent a letter in which th were saluted by "those of Caesar's household The ideal of a society of perfect freedom has pen trated before and it can penetrate again. But, b fore it can penetrate, it must be understood an loyally accepted.

Dedicated Courage Needed

What the accurate historians of the future, there are any, will say about the last half of th 20th century is still to be decided. We know that is a time of strain, but it may also become a tim of greatness. This is wholly possible because th human spirit can thrive in difficulties and we hav unlimited spiritual resources on which to draw We have behind us a noble tradition of dedicate courage; we have the power of truth; we have th conviction that the God of all the world is callin us to a great response; we have a solid ground o hope.

In all our endeavors we can have no bette golden text than the words of President Eisen hower at Evanston, "Now ours is a time whe great things must again be dared in faith." Our need not be the last generation, and it need not b the lost generation, providing men now living ca become truly devoted to the fairest dream tha mankind has yet known. We dare not make sma plans, because they have no power to move men' hearts. The course of history in this generatio depends, not on the inevitable movement of im personal forces, but upon the nature of the drea which possesses us, upon our dedication to it an upon the courage with which we pursue it.

Invocation for Good Friday

ALMIGHTY God, we beseech thee graciously t behold this thy family, for which our Lor Jesus Christ was contented to be betrayed, an given up into the hands of wicked men, and t suffer death upon the cross; who now liveth an reigneth with thee and the Holy Spirit, ever on God, world without end. Amen.—*The Book o Common Order of the Church of Scotland.*

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By Nels F. S. Ferré

The Christian Victory

Thanks be to God who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. I Corinthians 15:57.

MY text is a cry of victory—Christian victory. Any sermon preached on this text should be ung. This sermon is no philosophy, no exposition, o exhortation. It is a cry of victory, a celebration f the reality and presence of God in human his- ory and beyond human history.

Christ is the Lord of Love. In Jesus, God him- elf has drawn near to save the world. By giving is eternal life he has conquered death. This same ternal Christ, if we let him, will enter our lives o make us victors over all the enemies of life and o destroy for us death itself. Therefore let us sing od's victory in Christ: "Thanks be to God who ives us the victory through our Lord Jesus hrist."

THANKS be to God who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ *that the faith- ulness of his love is more dependable than the aithlessness of our fears!*

To live in fear is to live in the shadow of death, or God is love and love is life. Our fears, too, are ither grounded or not grounded. Freud knew that while it was natural to see snakes in the grass it vas unnatural to see them in bed. Most suffering rom fear comes in a form of anxiety below real eason for fear. As a matter of fact, the worst vorriers are those who seek one object of fear fter another in order to "objectify" anxiety.

Such fear resulting from insecurity is con- uered by God-security; perfect love casts out ear.

Always, however, there are very real reasons or fear. We all know how precarious life is. We eel the threat both of personal calamity and of olitical or military catastrophe. Yet even here we an trust God. Those who know the meaning and he power of the cross can accept whatever comes o them by a surrendered reliance on the faithful- ness of God, for God has conquered and will con- uer the worst by the best. If God is for us, who an be against us?

My saintly mother, when once I was privileged to visit her, came to meet me at the door, and before I had put my bags down she queried: "Nels, is God all good; can I say anything too good about him?" My reply was instant. "No Mother, you can't; God is all for us and for us all always!" "Thank you, dear," she replied, "what more can I need?"

Thanks be to God who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ that the faithfulness of his love is more dependable than the faithlessness of our fears!

THANKS be to God who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ *that the length of his love outlasts the stubbornness of our sin!*

All of us have sinned and come short of the glory of God. We are never fully awake to reality until we wake up to self and determine to fight it. The more we know both the reality of Christ and of ourselves, the more we are overwhelmed by the depth and stubbornness of sin. Then we long to be rid of our load, to be free from the burden of sin.

My father sat by his Swedish organ day after day and sang a song which translated would read, "One day without sin I shall awake!" At my father's funeral my brother braved that song for a solo, as the deepest longing of father's life. Our father knew the Savior from sin and therefore he could shout: Thanks be to God who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ that the length of his love outlasts the stubbornness of our sin!

THANKS be to God who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ *that the strength of his purpose is more durable than the straying of our aimlessness!*

It is astonishing how little time and energy, let alone wisdom, we give deliberately to pursuit of the path of God. Even our efforts to promote the common good are exceedingly scattered. How much time do we spend as communities to discover and do the will of God? No! The planner and executor of most of our lives and of history as a whole is not we, but God. His great plan holds our lives together and directs the nations more deeply than conscious intention.

As a young boy I heard a great preacher from London so old he had to sit in the pulpit, but his message I can never forget: "Write on my tombstone these words only: 'he taught men to reckon on God.'" However much we may stray, underneath our lives and history are the everlasting

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arms. Therefore let us make melody with our hearts: Thanks be to God who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ that the strength of his purpose is more durable than the straying of our aimlessness!

THANKS be to God who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ *that the rest in his peace is more real than the restlessness of our conflicts!*

How many of us are weary of wearing tensions at work, among friends when we are supposed to have fun, perhaps even at home? How many are tired to death of war and the threat of war? How many are anxious over the outcome of the Supreme Court's decision ordering desegregation? How many are dismayed by denominational rivalry in days like these?

Without conflict and tensions there can be no growth either in persons or in community. Christ does not deliver us from conflict but makes us victorious in conflict by giving us his own self. Whatever is born of God overcomes the world. This is the Christian victory, even our faith. Through this faith and the Holy Presence we come to know the peace which surpasses knowledge and which guards our hearts and minds in Christ Jesus. Through the power given to us we come to know the peace which the world can neither give nor take away. It is the whirlwind's heart of peace not seen from the outside but known from the inside.

Even the threat of war cannot dismay us within the peace deeper than death. And shall not the God who raised up judges rightly to interpret the law of the land and of God, also raise up strong and wise men to implement the decision of the Supreme Court? Nothing can disturb a peace purchased on the cross and as sure as the heart of God. Therefore with quiet calm we whisper: Thanks be to God who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ that the rest in his peace is more real than the restlessness of our conflicts!

THANKS be to God who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ *that the height of his hope erases the depths of our hopelessness.*

We live in an age largely bereft of hope. Gone is the old optimism. Come is the new despair. We have been told that never before were the commencement speakers at our colleges and universities more grave, even despairing, than in these years. "Realism" reigns. A student from the London School of Economics told me at a seminar in Windsor, England, that we should thank God for our age of disillusionment. Having no hope, he said, we have nowhere to fall!

Contrast such feelings with those of another dark age when our faith was young: "Always abounding in hope . . . a sure hope. . . . The God of hope fill you with all peace and joy in believing that ye may abound in hope through the power of the Holy Spirit!" Without hope in God we have a right to despair, but standing on the promises of God, even when our hearts are weighed down, we

The Triumph

Tune: Regent or Welsh *Cwm Rhondda*

By Philip L. Frick

White Oaks Congregational, Williamstown, Ma

WHY is eastern sky a-flaming
With the glory of strange light?
What is God to earth proclaiming,
Breaking pow'r of banished night.
Christ is risen! Christ is Victor!
By the splendor of God's might.

Roman seal God broke asunder,
Death no more as tyrant reigns;
Proves that life is God's high wonder
After shame of Calv'ry's pains.
Christ is risen! Christ is Victor!
Opens gates to endless gains.

Magdalene to tomb came weeping
Bringing spices for our Lord;
In the dawn-light vigil keeping
Found the Master, heard his word.
Christ is risen! Christ is Victor!
Tidings tell to all the world.

Joyous hearts in every nation
Praise God for Christ's empty grave;
From death's pow'r he brought salvation
To mankind he triumph gave.
Christ is risen! Christ is Victor!
From death's reign he rose to save.

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repeat to ourselves: hope in God for he will y
be the health of your countenance and your Go
Therefore with hope born anew we sing: Thank
be to God who gives us the victory through ou
Lord Jesus Christ that the height of his hop
erases the depths of our hopelessness!

THANKS be to God who gives us the victor
through our Lord Jesus Christ *that the suret
of his promises is safer than the struggle of ou
doubts!*

Doubt is good when it serves growth; doubt i
bad when it grows from sin. Most of our doub
has been due to spiritual rather than to intellectua
causes. Intellectual doubt we must honor. Th
doubt which is a smoke screen, to shut God out o
our lives, we must destroy. Our age is at least be
ginning to doubt its own doubts. It sees its ow
false certainties for what they are. Our idols stan
impotent: our faith in knowledge apart from com
mitment, our faith in science apart from re
pentance, our faith in man apart from God. Re
cently an outstanding social scientist explode
that he wanted men of faith to say what they be
lieved without quibbling and qualifying. This i
an age when we need to decide about ultimate
and to live them.

Some of us have come to find in the Christian
faith—God's ever faithful love, symbolized an
summarized by the cross and the resurrection—
light that never was on land or sea. Our sins wer

rgiven when we accepted this light and in it we ercame our intellectual doubts. Therefore we firm the Christian victory of light: Thanks be to od who gives us the victory through our Lord sus Christ that the surety of his promises is fer than the struggle of our doubts!

HANKS be to God who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ *that the freeom of his service is more liberating than the ncy of our willfulness!*

Aldous Huxley has described how the cry for eedom among his own youthful associates was reality a clamor for irresponsibility. Why fence our drives? Why not enjoy life to the full? He nows better now, he confesses! Edgar Sheffield rightman had a candidate for the doctorate writg on the nature of ultimate reality. The student nally told Dr. Brightman that intellectually he ad come to the conclusion that God was the most dequate answer to the riddle of reality but that e would not accept his answer because, if he deded that there was a God, he could no longer do s he pleased. How many are there who come to he same conclusion, although below conscious wareness and honest acknowledgment?

Those who have found the Christian victory, owever, know that freedom lies in acceptance of od's will. Passivity gives power. To be free is to ffect God's purpose for us and express our whole ature. Freedom comes with fulfillment of self nd society within the will of God for all men. rue liberty is the one with which Christ has set s free. Seeking freedom for self we become laves; becoming slaves of Christ we find ourselves tartlingly free, and freely we exult: Thanks be o God who gives us the victory through our Lord esus Christ that the freedom of his service is nore liberating than the fancy of our willfulness!

THANKS be to God who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ *that the certainty of his health is more healing than the coddling of our sorrow!*

A friend writing from Oklahoma related that his physician believed cancer to be a kind of theological disease, as mysterious as the control of life itself, growth run riot. A physician friend of mine also challenged me, *as a theologian,* to solve the problem of cancer. I have, however, no idea on the subject. Certainly some of the most saintly and at least seemingly most controlled people die of cancer. One thing is certain, though, and that is that there is a mental dimension to illness. A physician who had worked long on the subject of so-called psychosomatic medicine confided to me his conviction that there is a third even more important aspect to his problem—the spiritual.

Another physician reported that he had found the great majority of his patients suffering from no physical cause at all! Those who suffer from physical causes, moreover, can alter their condition considerably by means of their will to live, their deepest purpose for living. Some of us have been healed by physicians. God uses them continually for his healing ministry. We have also found deep healing in faith. The early church practiced healing. On no subject must we be more careful, but the church of Jesus Christ needs again to know the power of a healing ministry by every means at its command: medical, mental and spiritual. The coddling of our sorrows increases our illness; the immortal medicine of God's love heals them.

Even when there is no relief from illness, either from doctor or from believing prayer, there is available a new heart of faith to bear up under the ailment and to know the Healer beyond every harm. Victorious faith should again know the strain of victory: Thanks be to God who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ that the certainty of his health is more healing than the coddling of our sorrow!

THANKS be to God who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ *that the Light of life everlasting refutes the lie of our death!*

We know that we all die. The Christian faith takes death as an event with complete seriousness. We are not by nature immortal. By nature we are all bound for death.

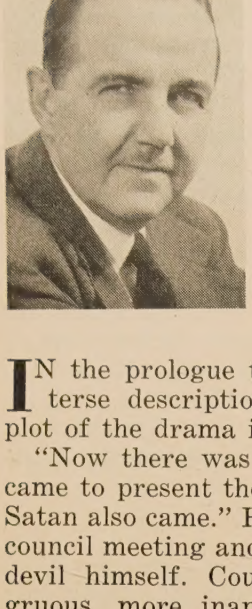
Nevertheless, when we know the Christian God, we know that he calls us back to life again. We know that for those who believe in Jesus' resurrection there is also resurrection for all. Death is birth! The New Testament speaks of "the birth-pangs of death," of "the first-born from the dead." God lets us all be born to newness of life, in order to face his inexorable judgment and his illimitable grace. In his hands we are safe, for there is no condemnation for those who are in Christ Jesus; nothing shall ever separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord; God is not the God of the dead but of the living, for all live unto him. What more can we ask! What more can we believe? Details of death and newness of life we cannot know now. They belong to a new existence, but we can know the God who is on both sides of the Great Divide. We can trust him. "The strife is o'er, the battle done, the victory of life is won."

My deepest experiences and my truest seeing require a far larger view of God than ever before. Our time and life here on earth are only a stammering beginning of God's great plan and purpose for us.

When we buried our daughter God was with us. Instead of gloom at the grave there was a Presence and a Power. Instead of an empty feeling there was the endless togetherness in Reality. What was barely begun here shall be continued in God's unemptiable time.

When we see the great Light of life we cannot contain our singing; we must burst forth in triumph, carolling the Christian victory over all the enemies of life and over death itself: Thanks be to God who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ that the Light of life everlasting refutes the lie of our death. *Thanks be to God!*

'Satan Among the Saint
aimed at ministe



Deferred Discipleship

By David A. MacLennan

IN the prologue to the book of Job there is a terse description of the scene in which the plot of the drama is determined:

"Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan also came." Here was a divinely constituted council meeting and among those present was the devil himself. Could anything be more incongruous, more inappropriate for a celestial assembly? The house of bishops meets in solemn session and seated beside the presiding bishop is the president of the association for the advancement of atheism. The committee on un-American activities meets "in camera," and beside the chairman as chief counselor is Mr. Bulganin.

Schoolmen speak of the ubiquity of evil. Being translated this means: In the most heavenly environment the satanic is present. Even in cloistered halls, within the fellowship of saints where scholars pursue what was once quaintly called sacred learning, the adversary is operating. "Even in"? Especially in such habitations of intellectual exercise, ethical concern and spiritual activity does Screwtape's operative function. Who else is the author of the confusion which often invades our minds and rooms—confusion theological, sociological—even mythological?

Hear now a variant rendering: "Now every day in the study, in the church, when the sons and daughters of God present themselves before the Lord, Satan comes also."

Demons Beset Us

In our meditations let me remind you of an unholy triumvirate of imps. These are among those sent to divert us from our high calling as servants of Christ. Each of these demonic saboteurs of the Christian enterprise is—if you will excuse the cliche—diabolically clever.

Our first demon in the quadrangle is known to his intimates as Felix. He is sometimes referred to as D.D. These letters stand not for Doctor of Divinity, although a fiendish wag suggests this wou be apt; D.D. in this case stands for Deferred Di cipleship. Research leads some authorities suspect that the imp was named for a Roma government official with whom the apostle Pa had an encounter. You recall the narrative i Acts. After being on the receiving end of a coge presentation of the Christian case by Paul, Felix response was a kind of judicial brush-off. He se for Paul and heard him speak upon faith in Chri Jesus. And as he argued about justice and sel control and future judgment, Felix was alarme and said, "Go away for the present; when I hav an opportunity, I will summon you." Felix woul have been an interesting candidate for a crim investigation commission, for the author of Act immediately adds: "At the same time he hope that money would be given him by Paul. So he se for him often and conversed with him."

Dangers of Procrastination

Felix always suggests postponement. He offer plausible, but specious reasons for delayed de cision.

Here is God's world, more than passing fair— despite hurricanes, earthquakes, reptiles and dis ease-bearing insects and germs. Through beaut as well as through devotion to truth and mora struggle we touch the uncreated loveliness. Bu Felix pleads a crowded agenda. When you hav more leisure, he suggests, then reach the eterna through His vesture of beauty.

Adventures in friendship beckon. "Hush, I pra you, what if this friend happen to be God?" Bu the demon perched on our calendar and timetabl urges deferment: "After all, there's the job to b done. Wait until you're less crowded by urgen business."

Here is a cause to be served—wrong to be re sisted, right to be assisted. To speak of pedestria concerns: that reading; that term paper; that in fernal—beg pardon—that interesting field work that article, lecture or book to be written.

Here is a human being, living in quiet despera tion, needing the understanding, the companion ship, the insight we may be able to give. True, says Felix, to get involved with a difficult person wil upset your program, ruin your time-schedule. Tel him sweetly to go away for the present; when you have more convenient season, you will send

(Continued on page 13)

DAVID A. MacLENNAN early this year took leave from his duties as professor of preaching and pastoral care at Yale University Divinity School for a European trip. His itinerary included the 1955 Warrack Lectures at the Universities of Glasgow and Aberdeen; speaking engagements at New College, Edinburgh, and Cambridge University; and a week's mission to American forces in Ramstein, Germany, under auspices of U.S.A.F. chaplains.

Lenten meditation for good church folks

The Prodigal Son—Three Views

By Charles R. Andrews

I. The Elder Brother

I WANT to tell you about my kid brother—the sap. He ran away from home, see? Well, not exactly "ran" away; he told Dad he was going. Even had the nerve to ask for money—and Dad gave it to him. I couldn't figure that one out at all.

Anyway, he ran way; took himself off to the big city and tried to act the playboy. He had a big time for himself—he's really the playboy type, if you know what I mean. Never'd work around home with me; he never cared if things went all to pot! He just raced around town cutting up and raising cain. I'd be at the office way after hours, slaving late; he'd be touring the night clubs with some girl. Dad and I'd go off to church; he'd still be in his dressing gown and would wave us off while he settled back in an easy chair with the funnies. I mean, he just didn't care about decency and all the good things of life, you know.

I tried to help him all I could. I'd tell him time after time, "Get up and make something of yourself." I'd tell him, "You can't expect to get anywhere acting like you do." I'd tell him, "If you want to be well thought of in the community and get to know the right kind of people, even if you just want to make a good marriage some day, you'll have to get busy like me." He had me as an example; I don't see why he didn't straighten out.

And don't think I didn't try to change him. Because after all, I had my own stake in it, too. Every time I got a couple of steps ahead, the fact that he was my brother pushed me back again. Made it twice as hard for me. Every time I was complimented by the boss for working so hard, every time I got ahead in church—like the time I was made head usher—in the back of everyone's mind was the thought of my kid brother and his latest escapade. He was hurting me and my chances just by being around. People talked about him. The nice people—you know, the people it's best to be on the right side of, the good contacts—they'd say how he'd never amount to much, and what a shame I was his brother. They never said it to my face, but I knew.

So I wasn't too sorry when he left. I mean, well really, it made things a good deal easier for me when you come right down to it. People stopped talking and forgot about him. "Out of sight, out of mind," you know. After a bit I was promoted from head usher to church treasurer. I mean . . . well, I'm not conceited or anything, but people can tell if you've got what it takes.

No, I can't say I'm sorry he went. He made a fool of himself, just like I always said he would. He had a great old time—spent every cent Dad had given him. And he soon knew the inside of every pawnshop in the city. Every bar too. He really got to be a bum. No other word for it: a bum. Just like I always said he would.

And now, do you blame me if I'm mad? After all this, tonight he comes back. And instead of punishment, instead of his just deserts (everybody knows what he's become; he isn't *that* forgotten) . . . he comes back looking like a tramp and, instead of a good blasting out, Dad gives him a big welcome! As though he'd just been away to college and graduated with top honors. Disgraceful! Throws his arms around him . . . "Son," he says, "it's good to have you back." What kind of justice is that? What kind of house is this? What kind of father do I have?

It makes me sick. It's enough to make me bolt and run away just like my dumb brother did. But I won't. I'll just suffer in silence, like I always have. Suffer because of the misdeeds of my brother. I won't complain; I'll just be martyred on the altar of injustice: "Good forever on the scaffold; wrong forever on the throne." I'll bear up somehow.

Now I'll never become a church deacon.

II. The Father

I WANT to tell you about my son—my younger son. He's always been a problem, and no little one either. Many's the sleepless night his mother and I have put in over that boy.

There always seemed to be something wrong between him and the rest of us—for that matter, between him and the rest of the world. I don't know how it started; one of those things you can't

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rightly explain, I guess. I do remember one time when the boys were small. They were playing, and scrapping as usual. The older boy was holding his brother's mouth over the garden hose and trying to wash his mouth out for saying a swear word. When the younger boy had struggled free and was running away, he yelled back over his shoulder, "If you weren't so stuck-up good, maybe I'd be good too." The older one just sniffed, and shrugged his shoulders and came in the house.

I've begun to think of this lately. He was almost crying with rage when he said it: "so stuck-up good." There was probably something to it. He did get a lot of shaken fingers and "naughty-naughty's" thrown at him from his elder brother. "So stuck-up good"; so unbending; so sure of being right; so critical of others; so unforgiving. There might be something to it.

But that didn't mean that his mother and I stopped worrying about that younger boy of ours. He was always in trouble, and later he got going with a crowd that was pretty wild. Not just high spirits; there was a certain viciousness about it, too. He was an unhappy boy. Hadn't found himself. Couldn't find himself along the road he was taking.

So I wasn't surprised when he came to me and said he was taking off for the city. Now, naturally, I didn't want him to go; I knew he'd probably get worse before he got better. But he wasn't getting better around here! So I took the chance. I gave him money for the trip, and quite a bit over, to keep him going for a while.

Well, he didn't straighten out; and for a while I was frantic. I blamed myself for letting him go; I almost went to get him one time . . . Anyhow he came back tonight. I don't know if he's really back for good. Maybe he won't stay; maybe he'll slip and lose himself again. I don't know. But he did come back. And he may stay. He may have turned a corner in his life and be headed in the other direction now—even if he does have a long way to go yet.

"Father," he said when I met him at the train, "I'm a flop and I know it. I've been through hell, and I went there on my own. I don't expect you to take me in as one of the family, but could you maybe just give me a job around the grounds, and let me sleep in the room over the garage?"

Well, now I couldn't exactly do that. It wouldn't help him. I figured the only way we could get to him would be to bring him in as one of the family again. To start from scratch. To get him really home in spirit as he hasn't been since he was a very little boy. He's been picked on long enough. He's been spurned a few times too many. He's been on the other end of the turned-up nose too much. He's my son! He's come home! And if there's love for him here, I think he'll stay.

There's just one other problem now, though. Maybe a worse one than the other. We always thought our elder son was a model boy. That was wrong. He's not. He's "stuck-up good." This is worse spiritual sickness than his brother ever had. He's going to be hard to live with for a while. In fact, he will have to take a longer trip to get ho from where he is than his brother did. Sure, h only upstairs in his room. But his heart is mi away, buried three thousand miles inside hi There's a three thousand-mile layer of self-estee of injured righteousness, of martyr complex, b tween him and his family. He has broken the uni of his family far more than his brother ever di and he will be just as much more of a proble He's buried in the depths of his own stuck-u goodness.

This, my elder son—this, my own flesh a blood—has the worst of sicknesses: he cannot fo give.

III. The Younger Brother

I HAVE had it all wrong. My brother sure ha me fooled about things. All this everlastin yapping about "decency" and "getting ahead" an "the right people"; I thought this was all the was to being religious. He sure queered thing for me.

I see it differently now. Never in my whole lif have I felt so rotten and ashamed as when Da brought me up here to my old room and told me t wash up for supper; that this room was min again. I felt ashamed and glad all at the same time There's something I've missed about Dad's re ligion—I never before noticed the difference be tween his and my brother's. The differenc oughtn't to have taken a lot of noticing to spot either.

I thought all religion was about "decency" an that sort of thing. But I don't think Dad gives a snap for "decency." He doesn't care if it *will* hur him among the neighbors to have me back. Hon estly, I don't think he even minds reaching into the gutter and getting filthy hauling me out. At least *his* religion isn't just a list saying: "Be decent: no swearing; no smoking; no dancing; and get in good with the people with pull."

I've had it all wrong. Religion isn't like that. Religion is being lost, like I was, and being found again. It's being a louse and being forgiven. It's forgetting your own self, while God gives you away to other selves. It's being used by God in this fouled-up society we've got. Could I ever have found this out from my "religious" brother? But I know it from my dad. I almost think my brother must be the worst part of this fouled-up world. He fools too many into thinking that his kind of religion is God's kind.

Anyhow, I think I can go for my father's religion: one where it's not a picayune busyness but a great faith that counts. I think I'm beginning to know what that faith is like. It's what is behind my father's love. It's what makes . . .

Who's there? What? Lord? *Thou* hast come to be with *me*? Come to forgive *me*? Cleanse me? Make me thine; among thy people, thy forgiven sinners? . . . Yes, Lord, forgive. Yes, Lord, renew. Yes, Lord, seal me into thy congregation. I see . . . yes, Lord . . . clearly now. I can answer my father's faithful love. I can live by thy grace. I can—and I will—come home now, to stay.

sermon on the Resurrection

God Is Not Mocked

By Browne Barr

ONE October Sunday morning the members of a congregation were startled to find themselves singing, "Christ the Lord is Risen Today! Alleluia!" They thought the organist had made a mistake, had turned to the wrong page. Hymns and sermons about the Resurrection have been so largely confined to Easter that many people feel it is somehow out of place to sing about the Resurrection or talk about it at any other time. Yet we Christians gather for worship on Sunday, rather than on Saturday, the traditional Sabbath, because Sunday is Resurrection day. The primary reason for Sunday worship is to celebrate the Resurrection! If we never speak of it save on Easter, no wonder we forget that it is the all-pervading fundamental theme of our faith. Without it Sunday worship makes no sense—indeed without it the Christian faith makes no sense.

Consider the New Testament: a few pages about the nativity, a few more devoted to the direct teachings of Jesus, another handful recording the miracles and the parables, but almost all the rest given over to the Easter story and to the events and teachings which deal directly with it and flow from it. "In the New Testament," as someone has thoughtfully said, "the Resurrection is no appendage to the faith: it is the faith!" We may do well then to turn again to a consideration of the Resurrection.

Resurrection Faith and Story

But, alas, perhaps we avoid it, leave it for a quick look once a year at Easter and then scamper quickly away because it is such a stumbling-block, such a hazard for us. Many honest Christian people confess grave difficulty in believing the Resurrection story and in holding the Resurrection faith. At the outset then, what is the Resurrection story and what do we mean by the Resurrection faith? Just this: that in Christ Jesus the Eternal God had the last word! After man had done his worst, thought he had finished things up in his neat simple way with fear and hatred and jealousy and the skill of his little tools, hammer and sword and spike, God acted! The sign of his action was the reappearance of Jesus—not in a resuscitated body, but unmistakably, clearly, as a living reality. That in brief, is the Resurrection story. God had the last word. And the Resurrection faith is that God still and forever has the last word. That God is not mocked.

We may understand such a definition of the Resurrection faith, but with all candor and honesty we must admit that understanding it and believing it are two different things. Frankly, it is so incredible, so contrary to what we normally expect, so foreign to our nicely balanced world of alarm clocks and expressways that many of us simply cannot embrace it. Perhaps then we may take some comfort in discovering that the disciples, likewise, found the story hard to believe, the faith difficult to embrace. As we read the last chapter of Luke's Gospel, we find three causes for unbelief on the part of those men who had known Jesus best.

Making Sense out of Nonsense

First, Luke writes, in verse 11, "But these words seemed to them an idle tale, and they did not believe them." Just as blunt as that! Dr. Moffatt translated "idle tale" as "nonsense." The Resurrection: nonsense! Do not we modern men feel at home with them? They had a struggle on their hands, too! An idle tale! This Resurrection story, we often secretly believe, is a happy ending made up of whole cloth in order for the book to come out more pleasantly. A chapter tacked on at the end to alter classic tragedy and to cover up the grim truth of God's abdication on Calvary. No one likes a sad ending, but a sad ending it was and we might as well accept it. So we have emphasized the teachings of Jesus, held him up as moral example, and prized the Bible as literature, but have said of the Resurrection: it's an idle tale, nonsense.

But wait a moment. If it be nonsense, then we must in all honesty try to make sense out of facts like the church, or Paul, or the New Testament itself, for they do not explain the Resurrection; the Resurrection rather explains them! So it is with all that has followed in their wake: The *Divine Comedy* and *Pilgrims' Progress* and a Bach chorale; the Battle of Tours and the Gettysburg Address; Erasmus and Abelard and Augustine; Wesley in the collieries of England and John Wat-

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son in the Scottish highlands; Judson in Burma and the Massachusetts Bay Colony; public schools and constitutional law and your fathers in the church before you and you here today—none of them explaining the Resurrection but all explained by it—all this, in a sense, because some mysterious thing happened after the crucifixion which caused a handful of men to stop shaking with fear and break out into a glorious doxology: for thine is the Kingdom and the Power and the Glory, forever. Amen. Those men themselves are hard to understand without the Resurrection. They were broken, dispirited, disillusioned men, fleeing in terror, hiding in fear, trying in every way to disassociate themselves from the Galilean teacher in order to save their own skins—yet suddenly transformed, made dramatically intense, powerful personalities! Was this the work of nonsense, of an idle tale? Strange nonsense that, turning cowards into martyrs and splitting the spirit as well as the numbering of the centuries.

Not Easily Dismissed

But, alas, we are arguing the case and that is not the preacher's role. The point here is clear that to dismiss the Resurrection faith, as the disciples did at first, as an idle tale, simply doesn't make sense. That is name-calling. There are better ways to dismiss it than that, if dismiss it we must. If there is nothing to it, then why believe anything Jesus taught or follow him? For then he was wrong: goodness and love lead to death and destruction not life. If Calvary is the end, then certainly the God Jesus worshiped is not God at all for he does not have ultimate power. Ultimate power then belongs to sin and death and they are god. The Resurrection: an idle tale? Hardly. Without it the gospel is nonsense and the life and faith of Jesus and the church and all men of good will and courage add up to an amazing delusion—out of touch with reality, ultimately meaningless! We may find the Resurrection incredible, but no thoughtful man can dismiss it as an idle tale.

The disbelief of the disciples moves to a higher level when we read verse 37 where Luke wrote: "But they were startled and frightened!" Here is the disbelief of fear! Afraid to believe! Does this not strike closer home? If the Resurrection faith is true, then life does make sense and we are relieved for a moment . . . but then, afraid, for if it is true, life does make sense, but only on God's terms —not on ours! It means we cannot escape his judgment!

Startled and Frightened

In November 1950 a bus loaded with a college football team crossed the continental divide at Monarch Pass in the Colorado Rockies en route to a neighboring college for a Saturday afternoon game. Monarch Pass crosses the Great Divide at over 11,000 feet, and as the bus started down the eastern slope, the brakes failed. Anyone who has driven that narrow, winding road which goes down three or four thousand feet in five or six miles knows that that football team had quite a ride. The driver wrestled with the steering wheel the coach broke off the gear shift lever trying to shove it into second, and all the while the players followed the signals called by the driver, shifting their considerable corporate weight to the right and to the left as he maneuvered the runaway bus around curve after curve. Miraculously they reached a straightaway at the bottom going 1[illegible] miles an hour, and seventeen miles later came to a stop.

The report in the newspaper of that incredible escape said that during the wild ride down the mountain, the driver said he felt something whiz past his head. Later one of the young passengers confessed that what the driver had felt was a cheap obscene paper-back novel which he had thrown away. He explained that he didn't want to be caught dead with that book in his hand. Face to face with the mystery of death, he felt judgment breathing down his neck. Often our disbelief in the Resurrection is not so much finding it difficult to believe, but finding it personally fearful to believe. The disciples were startled and frightened.

Final and Inescapable Truth

The Resurrection means, you see, that God is intent on the fulfillment of his purpose, that he is dead in earnest about the establishment of his Kingdom, and that what we are set on is sure to fall in rubbish at our feet and at his feet if it is not also what he is set on. It means that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth and that Herod and Pilate and political intrigue and ambition and brutality in the first century as in the twentieth do not eventually win, even practiced as some say for "good ends"! It means that the little deceits we get by with do not get us by Him; it means that God is God and man is man. It proclaims that all our parochial loyalties to party and class and nation are doomed if they are not prompted by love! If the Resurrection faith be true, it proclaims that the final victory is God's and on God's terms! And the implications of that for our design of living, where God is on the periphery and we are planted squarely in the middle, are enough to frighten us into comfortable disbelief.

"But they were startled and frightened!" Well they might have been and so may we. If God was not content to let things rest as they were on Calvary, he will not be content to let force or political expediency have the last word today either in Asia or in the United States Senate or in the Pentagon or in your home. Bullies are doomed and saints will rise; if you are out to get, you'll be got! If the Resurrection be true, then God, the God that was in Christ reconciling the world into himself, is indeed the final and eternal and inescapable fact about human life. Leave him out, and education and foreign policy and marriage and the shaping of economic and political instrumentalities and personal ambition—all will collapse. No wonder history is always being rewritten in blood and anguish. We try to write it without counting

His determination, and then have to back up d start all over again in Rome and Constantiple, in Paris and Berlin and London and ventually in Washington and Albany and Geneva, o! And next time we may have to start from ratch.

So it was: at first the disciples called the Resurction nonsense and did not believe, but then they w its implications and were afraid and did not ant to believe. Then, in the third encounter, they ill could not believe, but for the strangest reason. he record in verse 41 brings us these words: And . . . they still disbelieved for joy!"

Too Good to Be True

That is not an uncommon reaction to exceedngly good news: some rumor comes that the war over or that the lost is found or an election won r a position secured and we shake our heads, "No, o, it's too good to be true! I must have heard it rong." "But it is, it is true," they say, yet we still isbelieve for joy. I wonder if this is not panetically true among many of us today when we ear the Resurrection faith proclaimed, that God as the last word, that he is not mocked. We have ot believed it, not really, not many of us in this eneration. We have buttressed our unbelief with ll the sophisticated little arguments we could uster about ancient documents and folk religion nd the lack of scientific data, when all the Resurection proclaims is that the God we know in Christ is God, that life adds up, makes sense, that ll is not lost at last.

Perhaps it is a bit to our credit as it was to the disciples' credit that we have thought it too good o be true. We have seen that life is often tragic nd brutal and painful, and we have steeled ourselves for the worst. Then to have God step in among us and say that the worst is not true, eventually and eternally, but that the best is—that is too good to be true. We disbelieve for joy! See what it means, old men with your dreams and young men with your visions. It means that love wisely spent, outpoured in work and reflection, in anticipation and work again, is not wasted but is caught up at last by God and endures. See, what it means, lovers between whom death has come and left only memories, memories you dare not recall but dare not forget. Love is not done in at last but fulfilled; life does make sense on God's terms, and they are fair and just terms. See what it means, men of good will struggling in the classrooms and laboratories, the parliaments and main streets of the world. Your struggles are not in vain. No matter what the Pilates of the world declare or what an atomic bomb can do, God has the last word! The road is not without darkness, the path is not without false turns, the answers are not simple, but do not crack under the pressure, do not give in under the strain, for all creation is God's and God makes sense!

The Resurrection faith is that God is not mocked! Our concern must be that we are not living by the absurd faith that he can be mocked—by us!

Deferred Discipleship

(Continued from page 8)

for him. Your Master, my Adversary, went about doing good; but there's much to be said for just going about.

Here are churches to be united, not merely for the sake of economy, but for strong witness to Christ, for more effective service of the redeemed community. But Felix always suggests that delay is desirable. The time is not propitious for such radical change. Young men, or middle aged, or old men in a hurry can wreck the machinery.

Here is the life in Christ to be lived, the school of prayer to enter, the great church to experience and, with the church's Head, to set forward. But first, says Felix, iron out the wrinkles in your philosophy, clarify your theological position, acquire ampler factual data about what the world is doing to the church and vice versa, win that postgraduate rating.

The demon in the vestry, board room or study —the demonic in *us*—strongly advises (Satan long ago rejected non-directive counseling), "Postpone it, defer it . . . after all, you have that interment to attend, that farewell to make, that business transaction to settle."

But God says, "I have listened to you at a welcome time, and helped you on a day of deliverance! Now the welcome time has come. This is the day of deliverance!" "Behold, now is the acceptable time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

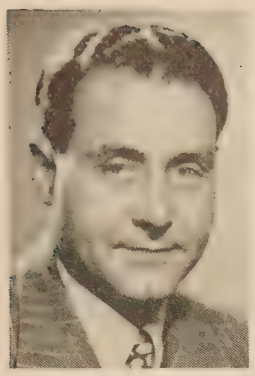
We Lose the Way

Yielding to the seductive appeal of Felix not only impedes the progress of God's Kingdom—it impoverishes us. We announce the Way and never take it ourselves. At Idlewild International Airport a pleasant voice announces over the loudspeaker departure of planes for all points of the compass: "Flight 604 is now loading for Tokyo [or San Francisco, Mexico City, Bermuda or Rio de Janeiro]." When five o'clock comes, the announcer goes to—Flatbush.

"There is subtle temptation for ministers in preaching upon the basic convictions of the gospel"—for students and teachers formulating these convictions and instructing in the arts of their communication—"the temptation of unreality, of speaking familiarly of experiences to which we are strangers." It could be that we are strangers to these experiences of Grace by reason of subservience to the demon called Felix, whose family name is Procrastination.

Next Month

COMING from Japan to deliver the Earl Lectures at the Pacific School of Religion, in February, Dr. Emil Brunner spoke to packed auditoriums there and in Chicago. In May we will feature his Chicago Sunday Evening Club sermon.



See You in Church!

By Harold A. Bosley

Luke 2:41-51.

WORD had undoubtedly been circulated that the caravan for Nazareth would leave Jerusalem early one morning, and quite naturally everyone assumed that everyone else knew about it. The villagers left for home on time and only after they were on the road did Mary and Joseph discover that the twelve-year-old Jesus was not with them. They were not worried about it, thinking him to be elsewhere in the long caravan. Even so, they kept looking, and when the caravan stopped for the night they faced the bleak fact that Jesus had been left behind. Immediately they turned back in search of a lost boy in a big city. The day's trip back must have been filled with mounting anxiety for both. We do not know where they went in their search, but they seemed to have been quite worn out when they finally returned to the Temple, still searching for their boy.

There he was, wholly absorbed in the conversation of one of the groups gathered around some of the teachers. It may be doubted—parents of twelve-year-old boys will have no trouble believing it—whether he even knew his parents had gone home. But they knew it! Relieved, worn out and pardonably cross, Mary addressed the only words of rebuke we hear her give Jesus: "Son, why have you treated us so? We have been looking for you anxiously!" Then it was Jesus' turn to be astonished. Not because they had returned for him, but because they had been hunting. Why the hunt? Why did they not come directly to the Temple: "How is it that you sought me?" he wanted to know. "Did you not know that I must be in my Father's house?" And as Mary and Joseph thought about it on their homeward journey they must have recognized and been pleased by what their boy had said and done. Deeper than their irritation over his apparent neglect of them must have been their gratitude for his remembrance of God, for his growing awareness of and absorption in the religious heritage of their fathers. Surround a child with love for the Law, the Temple and God, and you will find him not only in the Temple but wholly absorbed in its life and work. It will be his spiritual home—this was the testimony of Joseph and Mary.

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There is no intricate theological doctrine th I care to spin out of this incident from the life our Lord. I want simply to center attention up an obvious but easily overlooked fact that finds beautifully human expression in it. It is a go thing for people to feel at home in the churc That is the way we ought to feel about the Churc about this church. It is a fine thing to respect an honor the church, but it is not enough. You nee to love the church and feel that in some specia some deeply personal way, you belong here, tha you are at home here, if you are ever to feel th full power of the church in your life.

Spiritual Revolution

A number of years ago a favorite quip wit which neo-pagans took leave of each other wa "Good-bye! See you in church!" It was a sly jok of course. Everyone knew that they had no inter tion whatsoever of being in church—unless the should desire to be married there or should die an some pious relative arrange to have their funera there. Warwick Deeping in a famous old nove *Sorrell and Son,* causes one of these genial pagan to describe the experience of actually going t church this way: "It always makes me feel queer . . . As though I had fallen suddenly through a tra door into another world, not our world." Yo hardly know whether to laugh or cry over on who feels so strange in the church. He would no understand Jesus' feeling at home in the Templ or anyone's feeling at home here—and, I am afraid, at least a half of the adult citizens of ou country who do not belong to church would agree with him.

There is no earthly reason I know of why the church should take this kind of either deliberate misrepresentation or dilettante misunderstanding lying down. So far from giving the impression that she is concerned with another world, the church, if anything, is too much a creature of this world. I could wish that people stepping into church might be made more immediately aware of the reality of another world than they usually are. And that other world is this world as God wants it to be. I'd like to see the church take the offensive once more. I'd like to see those who believe in the church, who love the church and who feel deeply at home in the church, go among their friends, neighbors and acquaintances with the sincere invitation, "See you in church!" Let six hundred mil-

n of us who profess to be Christians start doing is around the world, and we will be launching profound spiritual revolution on a world-wide sis.

There is something so sound, so essential about ose words, "See you in church!" that I propose wrestle them out of the hands of our pagan kesters and put them to honest work once more. or if we can use them honestly they will work onders! They will exhibit our own confidence in id love for the church. They will say to others, believe in the church; I want you to believe in r, too. She stands for something that everyone eeds and needs all his life. I'm going to church. Won't you join me?"

To pagans and lukewarm Christians alike who raw back from all this, as being unduly evangeli-al, wanting to know why they should see us in urch, we can and should make out a tremendous se by simply listing the things that the church nd the church alone can do for us and for them.

Finding God in Church

The church can help us worship God. That, urely, is a good reason for being found in church. Of course you can worship God outside the church —a man would be stupid beyond belief not to see hat. But the church is the only institution that penly, deliberately and consciously sets herself o the regular worship of God. God is the central act in all that is said and done in the church. The worship of God is the purpose of the church, nd no other institution even pretends to have it s the central purpose. Whenever men come to hurch they are confronted by this fact—the eality of God, and they are invited to bow before t in humble adoration. If you understand the hurch, you will not come here to meet "the right people" or to get your foot on the lower rungs of the social ladder or to be seen of men—you will come here to be seen of God and, perchance, to see him a little more clearly.

You are not asked to worship an "unknown God." If you have doubts and questions about the meaning of God—and who of us does not have them upon occasion?—the church is the one institution that is honestly concerned with helping you find the answers. There is a time and a place in the life of every church for us to do what Jesus was doing when his anxious parents found him: sit down and discuss the deep things of our faith until we feel at home with them.

But the church, finally, is a sanctuary, not a debating society. She does ask us to worship God. (The Athenians of Paul's day knew how to discuss the meaning and the nature of God—and I for one am glad they did—but they wound up at the altar of an unknown God or with no altar at all.) H. G. Wells stated the need for the worship of God better than any theologian ever did. Writing during World War I, he said, "Religion is the first thing and the last thing, and until a man has found God and been found by God, he begins at no beginning; he works to no end."

God, for the church, is not a word to be discussed or a set of ideas about the world which you can take or leave at will. God is a fact, the one truly fundamental fact about this universe, and he deserves to be treated as such. This means worship—a serious, sustained, regular worship of him. This the church provides—and she is the only institution that does provide it. And she does it with gratitude in her heart and a shout of joy on her lips. The Psalmist was speaking for us all when he said, "I was glad when they said to me, 'Let us go to the house of the Lord!' "

Presenting Jesus

There is another good reason for extending and accepting the invitation to be found in church. *The church will confront us with Jesus Christ.* No other institution known to man will do that. The church does it or it isn't done. For two thousand years now it has been the special responsibility of the church to do it. Over that long period of time other institutions have done other worthy things, but none—literally none—have tried to go to the ends of the earth confronting men with the fact of Jesus Christ. It is the continuing business of the church to present Jesus Christ to each succeeding generation. It is as truly ours today as it was Paul's in his day.

I do hope the sophisticated ones among us will look at the meaning of this before they shrink away from the evangelical emphasis that is clearly there. We are not dabblers in magic as we confront men with Jesus Christ. We are able to say with considerable definiteness precisely what we mean by it. We believe we can see God's will for man more clearly in Jesus' life and teachings than anywhere else. That is why we exalt him. We believe that he saw more deeply into the life of man and the heart of God than any other teacher or prophet in human history. That is why we study him. We believe that he made God more human yet no less divine than he had ever been before. He made belief in God believable and faith in God powerful —and he did this by the simple witness of his life and teaching. That is why we hail him the lord and leader of life.

Interpreting His Message

Is it any wonder that, from his day to our own, men who honestly confront him say with the centurion, "No man ever spoke like this man!" If there is a streak of poetry in your nature you will appreciate an early Christian's testimony: "He turned our sunsets into sunrises." In a day when the sun seems to be setting in so many of our lives and on so many things we cherish—like peace, justice and brotherhood—we need to confront one who has demonstrated his ability to turn sunsets into sunrises. That is why we need to love and feel at home in the church that is dedicated to the task of interpreting his message to our life and times. That is what we try to do in our church school, worship services, and study and fellowship groups.

Fugitive forays into the church once or twice a year do not help much in getting acquainted with the full-orbed interpretation of the Man of Gali-

lee. We need to give it the time and the serious attention it deserves. Believing him to be the most significant person in history, we need to know him ourselves. Our children need to know him. We parents who want to give them the best in life will do everything in our power to help them get acquainted with him. We will seek to set them a good example in this and every other matter. Lay almost anything else we might give them alongside that, and you get some notion of how important it is to let them know how important we think it is to be thoroughly acquainted with the life and teachings of Jesus Christ.

Our sin-sick world needs to know that there is a light, a truth and a way out of the engulfing darkness that now threatens. And it is our duty as a church to point that out and to do so in words of one syllable. This business of pouring holy water on the evil that men think and do must stop. And it will stop when we confront him and confront others with him.

It's not a comfortable experience to confront him, but it is a good one—good for our souls.

Based on the Word

A third reason why we should want to feel at home in the church is that *she can teach us the Bible.* My recurring nightmare these days centers in the probable fate of the Revised Standard Version of the Bible. We shall buy it, of course, for ourselves and undoubtedly as gifts for children, graduates and relatives. Millions upon millions of copies will find their way into our homes. We will look at it when we get it—perhaps a few times afterward. We will be interested in the changes it suggests in our old favorites: the Twenty-third Psalm, the Lord's Prayer and I Corinthians 13. Then we will put it in a respected niche, there to enjoy the quiet rest reserved for classics. What a fate for the most powerful, the most revolutionary, the most farsighted book known to man: gathering dust on shelves when it should be bearing fruit in lives, in societies, in history!

The church is determined not to let this tragedy overtake the Bible if she can prevent it. She draws her life from the Bible and knows that unless her people are readers and students of Scripture both their and her witness are weakened. Consequently she exalts the Bible as being the book we should own and know and love and share with others. But the Bible is a hard book to read and understand. We need all of the help we can get in this effort—and that is where the church comes in.

One thing we know: the church is the only institution that is dedicated to the task of teaching the Bible, of helping it come alive in the thoughts and affairs of men. When we invite people to see us in church we are inviting them to learn to love and feel at home in the institution that exalts the Bible as the most important book in the world and bases its life and work upon the Word.

A final reason for letting your respect for the church blossom into a contagious love and devotion can be put quite simply: she can give you a pl in the Christian fellowship. There you will b find yourself and find work to do that deserves complete loyalty and devotion of your life. Th are needs that will haunt every human being u they are met. We need to find ourselves; to ge firm grip on the meaning and purpose of our liv to discover our purpose for living in the purp of the universe itself. The church is a fellows of people who believe that we have found the swer to these deep hungers of the human heart the will of God as we see it in Jesus Christ. The is room in that fellowship for all like-minded p ple—and all like-minded people ought to be that fellowship. It is a great thing to belong to t fellowship that, with all its many faults, has co triumphantly through two thousand years beari aloft a faith in God, Christ, the Bible and t Kingdom of God.

Christian Fellowship

Reduced as I am and as you will be to r pentance and contrition by the repeated sins the church, it never occurs to me to desert he Why? I know of no other institution that is i terested in, that will live and fight for, these thin that are at the center of her thought and life.

If you think these things are important, you w be interested in who brought them to you, who concerned about them now, and who is determine to make them available to the generations to com That is the church. And, if you are a responsib person, you will not think you have done your dut by a polite tipping of the hat to the church wit a murmured "thank you." The "thank you" tha counts for the church is phrased differently: "Ho can I help?" is the way you put it if you reall mean business.

I want you to say "See you in church" to every one you know, and say it with a contagious affec tion in your voice. Be ready to give your reason to those who inquire, but above all, let them fee your own love for, loyalty to and sense of being a home in the church. And should some express sur prise at your deepening devotion to the church, b prepared to say in all humility what was said s long ago: "Where should I be but in my Father' house? What better deserves my time, efforts an abilities than doing his will?"

O GOD, we pray for thy church, which is set to day amid the perplexities of a changing order and face to face with a great new task. Baptize her afresh in the life-giving spirit of Jesus. Put upon her lips the ancient gospel of her Lord. Fill her with the prophets' scorn of tyranny and with a Christlike tenderness for the heavy-laden and downtrodden. Bid her cease from seeking her own life, lest she lose it. Make her valiant to mount by the path of the cross to a higher glory. Help us, we pray thee, to be worthy stewards of the great heritage of faith as it seeks living expression through people like us and churches like this. In his name. Amen.

ast in the series: 'Gospel Inside Out'

The Sacredness of the Profane

By Theodore A. Gill

VERY dreamily, out of a dim, dark remembrance of things past, comes a recollection of painting which I must have seen or studied ng, long ago. There is much that I do not remember of it: I can't recall who painted it, or xactly when it was painted, or where it was ainted, or where it hangs now. But I do remember what was in the picture. It is a painting of vo women, sitting side by side—two unmistakbly female figures, one somewhat overdressed nd one rather absolutely underdressed. That is l there is to it, really: just two seated, separate, istinctly different women. I remember the name f the picture, too: "Sacred and Profane Love." nyway, the lady who is buttoned up to the chin bviously represents the holy, while the drastially informal woman stands for the worldly. And remember the general period in which the picure was painted: sometime in the Italian Renissance, in the springtime of that glorious reewal of artistic and cultural life which ended ne dark stagnation of the Middle Ages. The picure is an interesting product of that time almost ve hundred years ago when the human spirit truggled awake after its long nap, and kicked ff its medieval wraps.

An Old Idea

Ah, *there* was a day and an age for you! You alk about your good old days: those really *were* he good old days, when pictures like that one ould be painted, and when ideas like those inolved in the picture could be thought. For the ainting I speak of is more than a mixture of anvas plus paints plus genius. "Sacred and Proane Love" is the painting of an idea which was aken for granted in the artist's day. In a way t is a painting of *the* idea which was taken for ranted back then. That idea was that everything hat we know can be divided into two classes: he sacred and the profane. There are two kinds f things around us: sacred and profane. Some hings are of the world, others are of heaven. There are, for instance, sacred things: holy water nd relics; and there are sacred places: churches nd shrines which are holy and where holiness bides and is to be found. There are sacred peole, too: priests and monks, who live pious, holy ives, renouncing the things of the world, and iving themselves over to their meditations on Christian truth. And there are sacred lives, too: ives lived without worldly goods or worldly nonor, lives set apart from the world, even when hey serve the world.

(Mind you, now, I am not agreeing with this picture of the world. I am just describing ideas prevailing long ago.) Over against all these sacred things and places and persons, there are profane things and places and persons. The day laborer, the business man, the politician: all these are worldly individuals following profane occupations. The office, the laundry room, the bank, the ditch, the Senate Chamber: all these are worldly places for transacting profane business. These persons and these places are not to be despised because they are profane instead of sacred: no, indeed—they are highly important to keeping the world going and making life possible. What would we do without workers and housewives and teachers and businessmen and governors? But the fact remains that these people are of the world, and their work is of the world. They are not involved in things of heaven; they are not sacred people nor do they do sacred things nor live sacred lives. The sacred people are the priests and monks who live in their sacred places and live their sacred lives of penance and intercession and service, and who tell the people of the world all they need to know about the things of heaven. The people of the world are supposed to listen to them to find out what are the limits that God puts upon the things we do on earth, but then within those limits the people of the world—we profane people—live non-sacred lives.

The Way It Works

Let me illustrate: the sacred people tell the people of the world that we profane people must not endanger the church, whatever else we do in our worldly politics. We may have wars or anything else we want as long as we do not threaten the sacred church and its sacred servants and its sacred law. Heaven does not care what we do in our worldly political life, as long as we do not touch the things of heaven. The sacred people and the sacred place are interested in our worldly activity only insofar as they affect the sacred people and sacred place. If our worldly actions steer clear of the church and its priests and its law, the church does not care what we do to keep the world running the way we want it to go.

Do you see how sharply that idea divides everything into the sacred and profane, and how sharply it divides our lives into departments—our religious life and our worldly life—and how loosely it relates the life of our soul to our life in the world? If you see that, then you see too that that idea did not die with the good old days when

it was born. No, that idea is alive and active to this very day. Who can forget the actions of some of Europe's mightiest theologians and greatest churches in the years just before the last great war? There were Christians—Roman Catholic *and Protestant* Christians—who claimed that the church had nothing to say about Adolf Hitler or the nazi policies, as long as they did not molest the church. There it is: the old idea that as long as the people and affairs of the world stay in their own profane back yard, and do not pound on the front doors of the sacred cathedral, the sacred keepers of the cathedral have nothing to say to them and are not interested at all in what they are doing in their political back yard. In other words, the world can get away with murder, as long as it is not murder in the cathedral.

Another Slant

Yes, this old idea and this old way of looking at things has hung on till today. But there is this difference between our day and the age in which The Sacred could be pictured as one separate, distinct figure alongside The Profane, which was another separate, distinct figure. Since that day a deeper Christian insight has been rediscovered, and we know at last that there is nothing sacred, neither church nor priest nor service, which cannot be as profane as anything in the world. Priests and ministers are of the same sinful flesh as every other man; the person under the black silk up here has the same urgencies as the man under the gray flannel down there, needs the same help and has the same hopes. The church can be as corrupt as any other organization; even more corrupt, for people who think the best of it will be so slow to recognize its corruption. The service of God can be as selfish as anything we do; how many pillars of the church are faithful above all for the power and prestige which their service gives them? No, these so-called sacred things are first of all *of* the world and *in* the world, and whatever holiness there is in them comes from the way these particular profane things are used.

We know now that there are no sacred places and sacred persons. "There are no longer any sacred precincts," the walls of the temple have fallen. We see now that everything is secular. Everything is first of all profane. *Nothing is holy.*

(Now I am not just describing an old idea. I am trying to state Christian truth.) But what can we possibly mean by that last blasphemy? "Nothing is holy." Isn't that the very attitude for which the world rebukes this generation, as every generation has been rebuked by its predecessor? Isn't that just the fault we find with men and women who are setting the tone and shape of our culture today? Don't we say that the main thing that is wrong with both leaders and followers right now is that to them "nothing is sacred"? What, then, do we mean by saying that *that* is just what Protestant Christianity has discovered is the *right* attitude to take toward the world?

Well, what we mean is just this. Protestantism has discovered that though nothing is sacred in itself, and everything in the world is first of profane, there is nothing in the world which c not *become* sacred, no profane thing which can *be* holy. Nothing *is* sacred, but everything *can* sacred.

All the World a Temple

Look: now we know there are no places in world which are sacred in themselves; there no sacred precincts as such, no holy shrines. T pulpit is no more sacred in itself than the teache lectern or the housewife's kitchen table. And t is no loss; that is all gain. For now we know t any place in the world can be sacred if we f God there; that all earthly precincts can sacred if we meet God in them; that every spot earth can be a holy shrine if that is where worship in the presence of God and if we feel t presence of God there. "God dwells in temples made with hands . . . When the temple was ov thrown, the whole world became the temple God."

See what a gain there is when we give up t idea of special places, especially sacred. Then realize that any place can be sacred. The facto the workshop, the kitchen, the office, the classro becomes a church if that is where we are servi God with our whole life. We do not have to se out any special sanctuary designated as holy order to be with God. The murky old Germ mystic, Jacob Böhme, is speaking authentic Pr estant Christianity when he says that "wherev you may go, wherever you may stay, insofar your spirit has mingled its influence with God, y are in heaven, and your soul is with God." N single place is in itself sacred, but everyplace m become sacred if that is where you meet God.

Our Calling

The same thing happens when we say that man is in himself sacred. No man, whether he called Rabbi, Father or the Reverend Mr., is ho because he is Rabbi, Father or Reverend. We ma not set certain men apart as especially holy ar say that these men have the special job of takir care of sacred things. There are no priests, priests are men who are sacred in some speci way. All men are profane. But *every* man ca dedicate himself to sacredness and *every* man ca pledge himself to holiness, and *every* believer a priest in that sense. This is what Luther mea when he talked about the "priesthood of belie ers." There are no especially sacred men calle priests, but every man who witnesses to his beli and who lights candles in his heart, and who come before God in prayer, and who receives an spreads abroad the love of God—every such ma is in the service of the sacred, and as such is hi self a priest. We are all worldly men and wome —I dare say that to you because I know and co fess myself as the most worldly and earthiest c us all—but in our belief we are all priests, too.

There are no special, specific places or person who are sacred in themselves. And there is n particular kind of life and service which is hol

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in itself. The old idea that a life lived in a monastery was holier than one lived outside the cloisters, is not for us. The idea that only the life of hair-shirted renunciation and tonsured meditation, only the life of barefoot service, is sacred—that idea is replaced. The idea that only the priesthood is a sacred calling is exploded forever.

Well then, is no calling sacred? No, no calling is sacred in itself. But every calling can be sacred if we hear it and accept it as the call of God to do what we are able to do. I do not mean, for instance, that I do not think God called me to the Christian ministry. I believe very emphatically that he did. There are several other colorful and fascinating things I would be doing right now if I did not think I was called to be doing just what I am. I believe that is a sacred call, and therefore an inescapable call. But just as emphatically as I believe that about my own place and position in the life of my world, so do I believe the same thing about the place and position of each and every one of you in your worlds. The minister is not the only man called by God. Insofar as each of you is doing what you are best suited and equipped to do in maintaining the life of the world, you are fulfilling a call of God to you. Whatever you do—keep a house, bring up a family, run a business, sell something useful, stoke a furnace, play or sing, help fill the lives of your friends—whatever you do, if that is what you are prepared to do best, then your work is done in the service of God.

All Consecrated Alike

There is no especially sacred service of God to be done in cloistered halls. We best serve God in the crowd, doing to his glory whatever job is given us to do. *Now* there is a grandeur about what we do: we are *all* ministers and priests, whatever our church may be—home, office, classroom, factory or study; we are *all* ministers and priests, whatever our service may be—cooking, teaching, politicking or scribbling inter-office memos. Luther says it straight and clear: "A cobbler, a smith, a peasant, whatever he may be, a man has the labor and occupation of his craft, and yet all men alike are consecrated bishops and priests." Today the grade-school teacher may say the same thing in her own way: "I go through a lot on this job: I plan, and teach, and correct, and worry; and why do I do it? Because this is what I am equipped to do and because the children must be taught. And who is responsible for my talents and who desires the nurture of his children? Why, God, I guess. So this is my calling. And this is my service of God. Here in this too-familiar old schoolroom is my church and parish. Here I serve him by being the best kind of teacher I can be. Here I serve him by serving his children." That's all there is to this idea of the sacredness of our calling. It is no more mysterious, no more esoteric, than that. It is just that simple, just that homely.

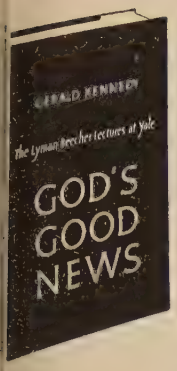
Now do you see why we say that no particular kind of life is sacred, but that every life of service can be holy? This is just one more way to break down that old, false, hard-and-fast distinction between the sacred and the profane. Everyth in the world is of the world, profane. Everyth in the world can point beyond the world, and be sacred. There are no spots roped off from world in which God is more present than in otl spots. There are no holy shrines where God more apt to be "at home" to visitors than he is other places. There are no sacred temples. stead, the whole profane earth is a temple. Et nity is pressing into time wherever men are livi and working, and God is liable to be met in a front room, outer office, boiler pit or laborat on earth. There are no special sacred men. stead, every worldly mother's son and daugh of us can reach for holiness, and as priests of G turn our profaneness toward righteousness. The are no special duties toward God which are sacr and unlike the profane duties of our fellowm toward the world. Whether in this church or your job, whatever you say or do from love Christ is service of God. The most profane occ pation can be the most sacred service.

True Holiness

One evening in Zurich a great Christian teache thinking aloud to his interested students, su gested that the specific genius of Christianity that it recognizes the holiness of the everyda Like many such spur-of-the-moment remarks, could mean several things. But was he not unmi takably right if he meant by that that we a liable to meet God in the most everyday, world situations; that we are called to be priests of G though we are the most everyday, worldly ki of people; and that we are summoned to t service of God in the most everyday, world occupations? Mark this down, and never forget i sacredness is not something special to which v ordinary mortals may not aspire. Sacredness the blessing visited upon every ordinary mort of us who sees God and serves God in the ordina things of the world. Through us and through ou witness, God makes sacred the profane things this world.

Invocation for Palm Sunday

O LORD Jesus Christ, who as on this day did enter the rebellious city where thou wast die; enter into our hearts, we beseech thee, a subdue them wholly to thyself. And as thy faith ful disciples blessed thy coming, and spread the garments in the way, covering it with pal branches, make us ready to lay at thy feet all tha we have and are, and to bless thee, O thou wh comest in the name of the Lord. And grant tha after having confessed and worshiped thee upo earth, we may be among the number of those wh shall hail thine eternal triumph, and bear in thei hands the palms of victory, when every knee sha bow before thee, and every tongue confess tha thou art Lord, to the glory of God the Fathe Amen.—*The Book of Common Order of th Church of Scotland.*



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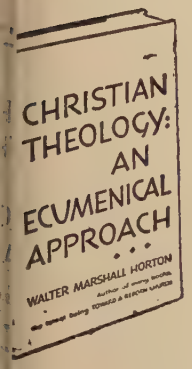

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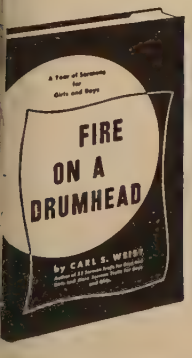

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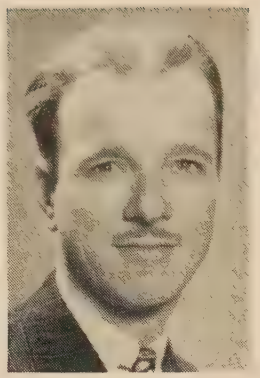


Come Let Us Worship

By Robert N. Zearf

The Approach to Worship

THE average Protestant congregation is notorious for its rustling restlessness at the beginning of the worship service. We all know the experience. If there is a printed order of service the worshiper spends the time when the organist is playing the prelude by scanning with careless eye the procedure for the day and the activities for the week. It is not easy for him to give complete attention to the message of the prelude music. He is conscious of those who are seated around him and he is easily distracted by subdued tones of conversation. In many of the less liturgical churches the people are not ready for their part in the service until the minister speaks the call to worship or the signal is given for the opening hymn.

In his book *Deep Is the Hunger,* Howard Thurman points out that his collection of meditations was created primarily as a set of "working papers" for the 30-minute period of meditation prior to the worship service of an actual congregation. After reading Dr. Thurman's book I wondered if the minister of a local congregation might not intensify the atmosphere of worship on a Sunday morning by setting himself the discipline of preparing a series of meditative thoughts for his own people. These papers would be directly related to the hymns, the scripture, the prayer and the sermon. Last fall I decided that there was at least merit in making the effort to create such working papers for adult worship in our own church.

Guides to Meditation

From the first it has been clear that worship material prepared especially for the time prior to the beginning of the Sunday service meets an actual need. Almost immediately the congregation became conscious of a desire for quietness on entering the church. The guides for meditation became an introduction, in the simplest way, to the worship theme for that day. More and more of our people became aware that they were part of a growing group absorbed in the disciplines of private meditation. The demand for these guides to meditation indicates that people are hungry for a wri guide that they may use as they e the church. We soon discovered only a handful were left in the p after service.

These guides to meditation "early comers" may look misleadi simple. They are always prepa with a relevancy to the Sunday's w ship theme but never as a direct of the sermon topic. They are neit illustrations from nor a digest of sermon message. For example, guide to meditation "For Those W Show Us How" was distributed early worshipers on the Septem Sunday which climaxed the nat wide observance of Religious Edu tion Week.

FOR THOSE WHO SHOW US H

For those who show us how
To take the tools of daily work
And, in spite of our contin stumbling,
Lead us to that elusive place of c fidence
Where we successfully run a r chine, combine ingredients, c duct experiments, master background of our tasks;
Lord, we express our gratitude.

For those who show us how
To take the mystery hidden in pages of books
And from those pages learn to sp strange languages,
The thoughts of men who lived other years,
Master laboratory experiments
And plumb the depths of man's ligious faith;
Lord, we express our gratitude.

For those who show us how
To live in a world surrounded neighbors who also want to li
To walk into the presence of trou and not lose our senses,
To bathe in the mystery of life, tending the borders of our kno edge;
Lord, we express our gratitude.

For those who show us how
To do all these things and ma more,
Not alone by the disciplines of sch ing,
Not alone because of the author of their position,
But because they believe what th are teaching;
By our use of all that we are taug by those around us,
Lord, we express our gratitude.

ROBERT N. ZEARFOSS has been pastor of Delaware Avenue Baptist Church, Buffalo, N. Y., since 1948.

ther guides to meditation have h more informal in their structure. hen You Are a Waiter" brought h an interesting but also typical tion from one of our church peo- The day after this guide to medi- on had been distributed a member ed quite excitedly to tell the expe- ce of a friend of the family who attended the service that day. s man had used the guide to medi- on as part of his preparation for ship in the time prior to the open- of the service. The next day he back to his home in Columbus, o. Arriving safely home he was e anxious to make a long distance phone call. Tense and eager for call, he became ill at ease when the rator told him that it would be e time before he could secure a r line through to the distant city. was then that this man remembered guide for meditation that was still his pocket. As he read, he remem- ed his experience of worship the ceding day and saw humor rather n irritation in his moments of wait-

WHEN YOU ARE A WAITER

Life in the city moves to the beat of the clock. From the hour when we hastily eat breakfast to the evening hour when the day's work is completed, subconsciously we are aware of the question, "What time is it?" So much becomes crowded into the day that everyone seems possessed with an urge to hurry. Mechanical equipment designed to speed us to our appointments, pleases or annoys according to its ability to save us time. Missing an elevator or a bus can throw the whole day into a hodge-podge of confusion. Even colors assemble to aid or thwart us: green in a traffic signal fills us with joy; red makes us uneasy and we stand or sit tensely, eager to be on our way. There is so much to be done and time will not stand still. We are caught up in the feverish torrent of industry. A moving society carries us on.

Have you ever noticed the movement of a swift, sparkling brook? Not all of the water runs at a rapid pace. Along the edges of the bank there are clinging little pools and shallows. Here the water rests awhile before moving out into the business of the main stream. Here is calmness. Shadows play on a sandy bottom and on minnows learning to live in their watery world.

There come moments when we are tossed out of the central current of the stream. Suddenly everything stands still. Time loses its demanding hold upon us. We reach out and up, saying, "God, I am empty deep down inside. Pour thy quiet healing spirit upon my soul. Cleanse me of the noise and dirt. Lift me from grubbing in the muck and let me see the measureless wonder of the skies."

Such moments may come in the twinkling of an eye. Your road may be blocked by any one of a number of things: a traffic light, a delayed bus, a busy executive, a dawdling child, a forgetful neighbor. In that moment you must wait. Look around and, with your eyes wide open, pray: "God calm me in my feverish haste. Smooth the churning within me. Slow me down so that I may go forth refreshed."

Printed Separately

While these guides to meditation could draw on the rich field of printed devotional materials available to all of us, they seem most effective when they come out of the local minister's preparation for the Sunday worship experience. The congregation senses that these guides to meditation were prepared specifically for that worship service.

The atmosphere becomes one of devotion and expectancy. A new anticipation pervades the church prior to the beginning of group worship. Men and women begin to arrive earlier in order that they may have these moments of quietness with others who are engaged in private meditation. The number of latecomers is diminished as more and more "early comers" arrive to use the guide to meditation. A new keenness is felt in the congregational participation in worship from the opening hymn to the pronouncing of the benediction.

Mimeographed or printed separately these guides may be carried into the worshiper's work-day week where the evidence of his Christian commitment can bear fruit.

O GOD, WHOSE VOICE IS IN THE WIND

Tune: All Saints, New; CMD

O GOD, whose voice is in the wind,
Whose law is carved in stone,
We praise thee for the varied ways
We make thy Kingdom known;
For skills of science and of art,
And every new design
We use to sow the gospel seed,
To make all kingdoms thine.

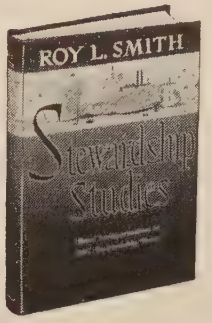
Let music fill the starry skies
Like angel-songs of old;
May all mankind, through these new gifts,
The face of God behold;
May we be worthy of the saints
Who pioneered of yore,
And preached the Word in many climes
To earth's remotest shore.

May airwaves be thy lengthened arm,
To show abroad thy love,
So we may learn to live on earth
As the redeemed above;
To spread the vision glorious,
By sermon, stage and song;
Till all shall own the Christ as Lord,
And all to him belong!

ERNEST K. EMURIAN.

[This hymn was written, by request, for the dedication of the million-dollar Protestant Radio and Television Center, on the campus of Emory University, at Emory University, Ga., Jan. 19, 1955.]

by
ROY L. SMITH



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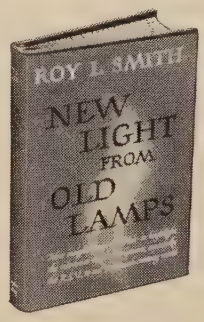

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Room for the Living

By Paul L. McKay

First Presbyterian, Akron, Ohio

IN Graham Greene's recent play, "The Living Room," two maiden sisters are so morbidly afraid of death that they close off every bedroom in their spacious home in which a death occurs. Their brother, a priest who is now crippled and confined to a wheel chair, does not share their fear. He can no longer say mass or hear confessions or visit the sick so he stays home and does his best to humor his sisters.

One of the bedrooms untouched by death has been converted into the living room. This room is the setting for the play. The stage directions read, "At first sight, when the curtain rises, we are aware of something strange about the living room. The house is an ordinary Holland Park house, and there is nothing at first on which we can positively lay a finger and say, 'this is wrong,' or 'this is strange.'" As the drama unfolds the truth is revealed. The family is retreating from life before the advance of death.

Teresa, one of the sisters, admits somewhat reluctantly to her crippled brother, "I'm afraid of dying, James, even of thinking about death . . . I a silly fear?" The priest seeks to assure her. "No one," he replies, "believes in God should be afraid death."

Life's Ultimate Issue

Affirming his faith in spite of tragedy of his own life, the brot declares that God "didn't only m the world—he made eternity. Suf ing is a problem to us, but doe seem a big problem to the woman has borne her child. Death is our ch we have to go through pain to h our death."

The symbolism of the play stri at the ultimate issue of life: are living in an expanding universe love or a contracting universe of fe Does a paralyzing apprehension both life and death so reduce world that at last we too are c fronted only by life's walls closing upon us with gloomy, dreary foreb ing? Or, through the exercise Christian faith, does our world pand in ever-widening possibilities faith and hope and love?

Easter is God's glorious affirmat of life. Jesus' victorious conquest o the grave pushes back the boundary death until it blends into the hori of the eternal. Looking through portal of death, the eye of faith ga upon the infinite world of God's sign.

Doors to New Life

John Henry Jowett once called on cobbler whose home was in a lit seaside town of England. The cobb worked alone in an exceedingly ti room. Dr. Jowett inquired if som times he did not feel oppressed by t imprisonment of his little chamb "Oh, no," he replied, "if any feeli of that sort begins, I just open th door." And he opened a door that ga him a glorious view of the sea.

Easter morning flings life's windo open toward God's omnipotent pu pose and power. As man suffers o pressive claustrophobia in his anxie over death, God confronts man wi Easter and an open tomb! Witho the Easter faith, thoughts of dea constrict and confine. Easter faith r deems our fears. It lifts our gaze fro the temporal unto the eternal.

Room for the Living

Jesus was talking about room fo the living when he said: "In m Father's house are many rooms; if were not so, would I have told yo that I go to prepare a place for you? Easter does just that: it opens door to eternal life. Through God's con quest over the tomb, Christ has take the sting from death and has snatche victory from the grave.

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A Prayer

By Chester E. Hodgson

munity Methodist, Ozone Park, Long Island, N. Y.

these days of tension when life s pulled taut as a bowstring, we to thee, our Heavenly Father, ing refreshment and reinvigora-, renewal and recreation. We know with thy help we can bring to tion every hope, aspiration and of life. Help us, O God, to put our llness aside, to lose ourselves in rs and their needs, to forgive the ts that are often thoughtlessly in- ed upon us, and to return good evil.

elp us to strive and struggle to g peace back into the realm of hu- experience in the knowledge that re will be peace without when there peace within. Help us to restore h in life and certitude in religion. y we put Christ at the center of rything we are and do, recognizing t when he is at life's center we become the channels of thy power. offer this prayer out of the limited erience which is ours, lifting it o thee who art the ultimate expe- nce. Amen.

Resurrection

By Robert G. Tuttle

irst Methodist, High Point, N. C.

THE restless sea
Doth beat itself against
A thousand shores;

d though it pound and pound
A million years—
ck, back 'tis flung
Upon its seething self.

restless man
Hath beat upon the door of death
A thousand generations;

nd though he beat and beat
A million more—
ick, back he's flung
In ever dying death.

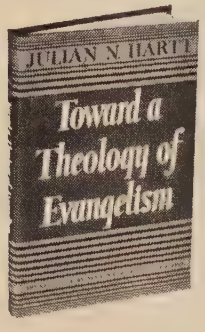
t day by day,
In unseen silent mist,
The sea is lifted to the sky—
And breathed against the land
To give it life.

nd life by life,
Through unseen silent trust,
The soul is lifted from the body broken—
To people God's Eternal Venture
With proved and vibrant life.

ne by one,
Christ's tears did rhythm beat
Upon a garden stone,
The cross, unbending,
Blocked the path.

hen God,
With deeper gentleness,
Burst wide a tomb
And set eternity, forever,
Within the heart of man!

EVANGELISM IN PRINCIPLE and PRACTICE



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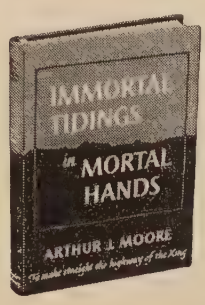

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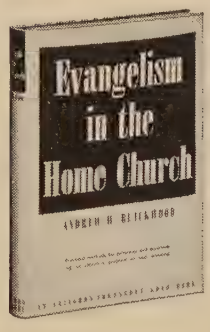

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Pulpit Patter

By Morton S. Ens

The Exception and the Rule

ONCE again it happened. I had vowed that if and when I ever heard the phrase trotted out again I should really do something. It was, and so I do. I write a column.

The speaker had browsed over a tolerably wide range, in the course of which he had not only exhausted the subject but had left a pretty sizable deficit. Then came the time for questions. Graciously he remarked that though he thought he had covered the subject adequately there might be questions. If so, he would be glad to answer them.

A question was asked. It was a simple but deadly one, for it referred to an incident, known to us all, which according to the speaker's thesis just couldn't happen. Unfortunately, it had. Did that worry the expert? Yes, I think it did; but he tried not to show it. His reply was prompt: "Yes, of course; but, you know, the exception proves the rule. Are there any more questions?" There were, but I do not recall them. For me another Rubicon had been passed.

Overworked Terms

There are few of us who have not at one time or another made use of that phrase. And without exception we would find considerable difficulty in justifying it. As popularly and thoughtlessly employed, it appears to me much like such overworked terms as "self-evident" and "obviously." How easy it is to say that a thing is "obviously true" or "obviously false." It is a bit disconcerting when someone to whom we have just made that pontifical remark challenges it and asks for the evidence. For the imagined beauty of the word "obvious" is that it allows us to dispense with any evidence that may be hard or impossible to procure. When we have evidence, we cite it; when we have none but at the same time are sure that we are right, then it is that we dub our contention "obvious" or "self-evident."

But to return to the old saying. Its origin is hard to trace. Lord Byron remarked in his *Letters and Journal*: "Exceptions only prove the rule." The 17th-century John Wilson had earlier said the same thing in *The Cheats*. Forty years before that Robert Burton had opened his discussion of the "Custom of Diet" in his famous *Anatomy* with the remark: "No rule is so g eral which admits no exception." A at the end of the 15th century, de Vepries had observed: "There is rule which does not fail."

Two things may be said with so degree of likelihood. If "prove means *establishes, guarantees, demo strates, attests*, then the phrase is u true and mischievous, whether it used in or out of the pulpit. Exce tions, violations do not "prove" ar thing in that sense. Instead they ma perfectly clear that the rule th violated is at best only an approxim tion or hypothesis.

Review Demanded

Were the sun unexpectedly rise tomorrow in the west or an c casional stone to start falling up, it extremely unlikely that folks—to sa nothing of physicists and astronome —would continue their confidence the laws of celestial mechanics. O exception would be quite sufficient invalidate the whole confidence.

But very probably that is not t meaning of "proves" in the old sa It may well be that "proves" mean simply "brings to the light" c "examines," as in the sensible in junction in I John 4:1. In that co nection the maxim is sound. Excep tions do *prove*, that is, *test* the ac curacy of our rules of life. There ar but few of such rules with the exact ness of the law of gravity, where on definitely proved exception is fata The proximate accuracy or usefulnes of the rules and courses of actio produced through the centuries de pends upon the percentage which the can score with constant testing an proving. Each exception weakens th probability of the alleged principle in volved; if there are too many excep tions, common sense demands review restatement or abandonment of the older provisional confidence.

Thus there would seem little justifi cation for the smugness too commo today as exceptions show up. It may be that of most so-called rules or law as such, as Burton sagely remarked of dietary habits, it were nonsense to demand 100 per cent performance. It is equally true that each violation should be carefully studied as evi dence of its weakness, not trium phantly adduced as the guarantee of its strength.

Pulpit Post

ressing?

R: I have just booked an urgent intment with a psychiatrist. For e strange reason my severe de- sion started immediately after ing through the February Pulpit. began that lovely rehearsal of my eral and was determined that it ld be a Christian one; then I ged straight into the "Shame of day Morning" and realized what d lot the churches really are when omes to dealing with color prob- s. It seemed hardly necessary to the children to "Be Strong and Good Courage"—they don't need t sort of encouragement, but I'm so brave, myself. However, "The nce of Life" looked like someone erful, and I turned Fey with fear. might be one of those Pollyanna imists, and that would never do. , no! I was comforted again with assurance that death reigned rywhere, even where I had not pected its presence. Then I was ssured again by Gill, who showed clearly that the things we all live are just nothing at all. Praise be! was cheering to face death again h Carlson; and the acme of delight be convinced by Hutchison that d gets us into trouble, and that ubles are really blessings in dis- se. That's the stuff! Jordan almost k me across Jordan into some mised utopia; but I am so thank- that he ended with a threat of fire insanity, unless . . . So, on through e various snippets to the Editor's ge, where I thankfully ended my ading of The Pulpit with the thought the possible explosion of the earth. Carry on the good work, brother. is just the stuff we need.

My psychiatrist has just been on e phone, and he says I sound a bit eer; but I cannot think why. Per- ps I could read that February Pul- t again before I go to see him.

R. LAWRENCE JONES.

Congregational,
Barnstable, England.

The Bulletin Board

Contributed by J. Russell Butcher Presbyterian, Hagerstown, Md.

WE SHALL NEVER HAVE THE CHURCH AS IT *Ought to Be* WITHOUT WORKING WITH THE CHURCHES AS THEY ARE."—*Elton Trueblood.*

GOD REVEALS HIMSELF ONLY TO HIS SERVANTS, NEVER TO HIS PATRONS." —*John A. Mackay.*

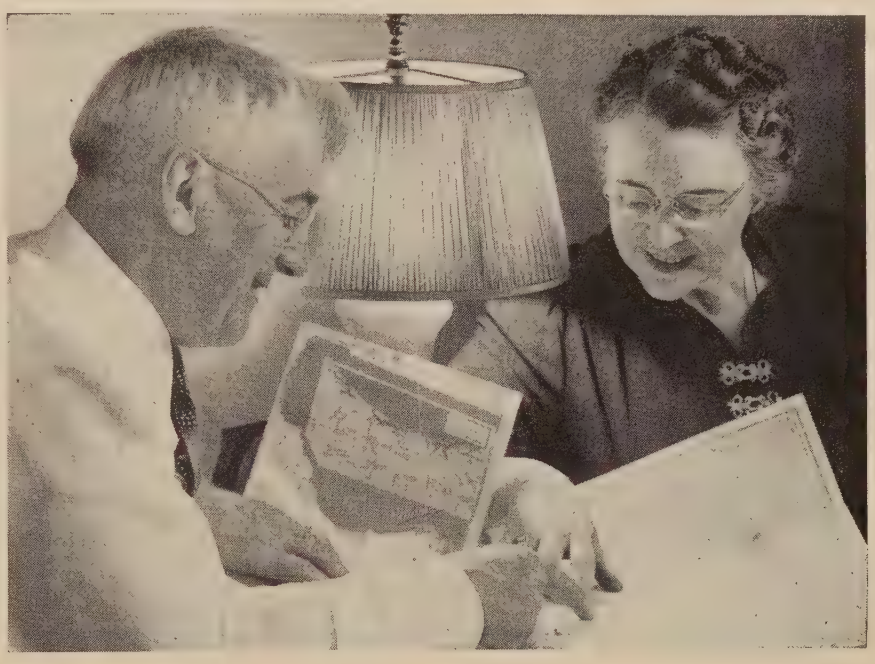
IT IS NOT WELL FOR A MAN TO PRAY CREAM, AND TO LIVE SKIM MILK." —*Beecher (Treasury of the Christian Faith).*

Scottish Crusade

SIR: On March 21 we begin the All-Scotland evangelistic crusade. This is by far the greatest crusade we have ever undertaken. Most of the newspapers are giving all-out support. Insofar as I know, every single church in Scotland is cooperating. The moderator of the Church of Scotland wrote in a Glasgow newspaper that all of Scotland is aflame with expectancy. Almost everything from Kelvin Hall to the advertising has been granted practically free. It seems that everybody within and without the church is working harder than any place we have ever been.

The repercussions and implications of this crusade will be the most far reaching we have ever had. Therefore, will you ask through the pages of The Pulpit that people pray? We believe that if hundreds of thousands of people all over the world will join in prayer, it could be the beginning of a genuine spiritual awakening.

BILLY GRAHAM.



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Preachers in Print

April Showers

FOR ministers this year, April is a month of high points and low. Palm Sunday and Easter begin the month with special services, special music and special crowds. Then just when the minister's cup overfloweth, April pulls the plug. The Sunday after Easter the service is simple again. The choir repeats an anthem from last week. The congregation stays home. And the assistant gets his only chance to preach between September and June. High points and low, then, but somebody's low may be another's high.

Holy Week

The books on hand for review pretty well fit the pattern of the month. There are, for example, several new volumes concerned with the meaning of Holy Week. The most important of these is **Frederick C. Grant's** *The Passion of the King*. Here a first-rank New Testament scholar (who has also been a professor of systematic theology and a seminary president) writes as a devoted minister. Ranging through the last week in the life of Christ, he discusses reverently, authoritatively and sensibly the meaning of Palm Sunday, Maundy Thursday, Good Friday and Easter Day. The seven chapters meditating on the words from the cross avoid the obvious points so endlessly rehashed in our three-hour services. As a matter of fact, the discussion ranges so widely that its connection with the particular Word is occasionally remote (as in the chapter on the Third Word). The author's Greek scholarship is never an academic intrusion, but comes in as devotional illumination. The explication of the "cry of dereliction" on pages 66 and 67 is an especially fresh case in point. There is a fine little description of what Christian existentialist thinking is, on page 100. The discussion of the Resurrection is not quite up to the rest of the book, it seems to me. The approach is one of those that might be called proof by purple protest. The book is recommended for the sense and soundness it can bring to preaching in a season when that sometimes goes all mushy.

From England via Abingdon comes **Leslie Badham's** *Love Speaks from the Cross*. These "thoughts on the seven last words" are less those of a preaching scholar, more those of a thoughtful preacher. They are homiletical beauties. There is no straining for novelties. The traditional points are made, but freshly and abundantly illustrated in a clean, clear preaching style. One may want to question on interpretation of two—the soul fluttering free of the flesh is an alien idea—but all can learn here from a master craftsman something more of the fine art of preaching.

Andrew W. Blackwood gave that phrase circulation: "the fine art of preaching." His son, **Andrew W. Blackwood, Jr.**, contributes a book that is bound to please him: sermons on the seven words from the cross, *The Voice from the Cross*. As in the case of Badham's book, these sermons are more memorable for their statement and illustration than for novelty of interpretation. One consistent emphasis gives the sermons a continuity that such a series sometimes lacks. That is a recurring ethical accent. The devotions of the Passion can be and frequently are sterilely "inner." Here, however, every reflection points to action. "Our faith reaches beyond the stars, but we must practice it on the surface of the earth." Christian love is "the practical expression of thoughtful kindness in meeting immediate human needs." There is [illegible] sitivity and practicality in these [illegible] mons.

The Lutherans, **O. P. Kretzm[illegible]** and **A. C. Oldsen,** have cooperated [illegible] *Voices of the Passion*: meditations [illegible] the Lenten and Easter season. [illegible] first nine sermons are cast as f[illegible] person-singular monologues by Ju[illegible] Peter, John, Caiaphas, Simon, [illegible] Centurion, Pontius Pilate, Dismas [illegible] Paul. Each New Testament figure [illegible] for himself what the Christ and [illegible] Passion meant to him. The little [illegible] fessions are worked out with fide[illegible] to the New Testament record, [illegible] with a baptized imagination work[illegible] beyond that. The sermons are gi[illegible] relevance and currency by having [illegible] New Testament speakers address t[illegible] remarks to contemporary Christi[illegible] in full awareness of contempor[illegible] facts. The book ends with seven v[illegible] brief meditations on the words f[illegible] the cross. These are traditional, [illegible] thodox, to the point and just righ[illegible] keep a three-hour service from h[illegible] ging down in words about the Wo[illegible]

A regular library of Lenten serm[illegible] sketches is the book *Facing the Cr[illegible]* by **Stanley D. Schneider** and other[illegible] yield to no one in my high regard [illegible] sermon series, but in this publis[illegible] I've met my match. For here [illegible] sketched out *fourteen* (14) series[illegible] Lenten sermons. The shortest se[illegible] has six sermons in it; the longe[illegible] nine. They are all very appropriate[illegible] the season. Most are sturdily thr[illegible] point, though some work up ladderl[illegible] through five points. The sketches [illegible] full enough for useful suggesti[illegible] And some illustrations are indicat[illegible] Orthodox, biblical purchasers will [illegible] primed for the next fourteen Lents.

Devotional Classics

Lent in general, Holy Week in pa[illegible] ticular, is the time to get re-acquaint[illegible] with the devotional literature of t[illegible] church. The classics are increasing[illegible] available, so our ignorance of the[illegible] glowing sparks thrown off by inca[illegible] descent faiths is increasingly unfo[illegible] giveable. This year the World Pu[illegible] lishing Company has added to i[illegible] lengthening list of pocket-size dev[illegible] tional classics **Francois de Fénelon** *Letters and Reflections* and **Blai[illegible] Pascal's** *Thoughts*. Neither needs mu[illegible] introduction any more. Anyway, ea[illegible] is amply introduced by the edito[illegible] **Thomas S. Kepler.** Fénelon is tra[illegible] quil, Pascal is incisive. Fénelon [illegible] given to comfortable words, Pasc[illegible] probes and searches. Fénelon gentle[illegible] Pascal agitates. But both are devote[illegible] and both will enrich our devotion[illegible] Every book in World's leatheroid, pe[illegible] manently bound series is a bargai[illegible]

Among the major publishers, nor[illegible] is doing anything like the job tha[illegible] Harper is in excavating the church[illegible] deep mine of devotional treasure. [illegible] have not seen any widespread com[illegible] ment on the service this great hous[illegible] is doing us. That is the silence [illegible]

Books Reviewed

The Passion of the King. By Frederick C. Grant. Macmillan, $2.50.

Love Speaks from the Cross. By Leslie Badham. Abingdon, $1.00.

The Voice from the Cross. By Andrew W. Blackwood, Jr. Baker, $1.50.

Voices of the Passion. By O. P. Kretzmann and A. C. Oldsen. Augsburg, $2.00.

Facing the Cross. By S. D. Schneider and others. Wartburg, $2.50.

Letters and Reflections of Francois de Fénelon. Edited by Thomas S. Kepler. World Publishing Co., $1.50.

Thoughts. By Blaise Pascal. Edited by Thomas S. Kepler. World Publishing Co., $1.50.

The Book of the Poor in Spirit. By "A Friend of God." Harper, $3.50.

The Way of a Pilgrim & The Pilgrim Continues His Way. Translated by R. M. French. Harper, $2.75.

Temptation. By Dietrich Bonhoeffer. Macmillan, $1.25.

We Live by Faith. By Ruby Lornell. Muhlenberg, $2.00.

The Renewal of Man. By Alexander Miller. Doubleday, $2.95.

Protestant Christianity. By John Dillenberger and Claude Welch. Scribners, $4.50.

ingratitude. Harper editors are ng out devotional classics that of us never knew existed, some had forgotten about, and none s have read. They are having translated and introduced, in cases publishing separate books graphy and interpretation. They lesigning beautiful books for the ics. I don't know how big a mar- here is yet for all of this. I sus- that part of the effort, at least, labor of love. We ought to love for it.

vo cases in point, this winter: *Book of the Poor in Spirit* by **"A nd of God,"** and *The Way of a rim and The Pilgrim Continues Way.* The first book is the better vn though till now it has not been y accessible. It is a guide to the dication of the first Beatitude to whole life of the spirit. It comes of that 14th century Rhineland p called the "Friends of God" h Suso, Tauler and Eckhardt have e somewhat familiar to us. The ent volume not only adds to our uaintance with this German mys- m by giving a new translation of of its prime expressions. But C. Kelley's 50-page introductory essay, Guide to Rhineland Mysticism," bonus which looks already like the nitive brief introduction to the le period and subject.

he second book, *The Way of a Pil- n,* has no attachment in the pre- is acquaintance with devotional rature of most of us. It comes from Russian church of the mid-19th tury and is a narrative account of simple Christian's increasing im- sion in the old Russian classics led the *Philokalia.* From those an- nt sources the pilgrim learns what means to "pray without ceasing." is is the *hesychast* method of yer, the constant repetition of the ayer of Jesus" ("Lord Jesus Christ, ve mercy upon me"). First it is voli- nal, synchronized with the breath the heartbeat, but it becomes almost oluntary at last. The benefits of habitual prayer are illustrated in ry after story as the pilgrim makes way around Old Russia. There is a arm in the telling and a simplicity the believing that are good to know, atever one thinks of the idea. I am t as taken with the second half of e book ("The Pilgrim Continues His ay"), which is a kind of sequel to e first. I find it hard to accept as the rk of the same author. The Pilgrim o begins the book is devout and oughtful; he fills his prayer with nself. The Pilgrim of the second lf has a prayer-wheel crassness out his prayer exercise that leaves a little less than cold. But this is ook it is good to have. Again, thank u, Harper, for showing the rest of what we've got.

One more new book must be listed th our devotional treasures, and s one is really new. In 1937 **Diet- h Bonhoeffer** addressed the early graduates of the itinerant seminary of the new Confessing Church in Germany. That congregation was in danger, and its teacher shortly would be martyred. Bonhoeffer's Bible studies at that secret retreat are now published by Macmillan as *Temptation.* As all of Bonhoeffer's work, these brief studies are closely reasoned and passionately brainy. Yet the subject and the situation are such that I think this little book stands best as a contemporary devotional classic.

Theology

Then, after Easter comes the letdown when we must build up for the weeks to come. We have given our all in the high, holy season, but the Sundays and Wednesdays come on still, and sermons wait to be written. For refueling I suggest some theological reading, not more sermon reading—even Pulpit sermon reading! Fortunately, there is at hand some theology that for joy and ease of reading fits right into the post-Easter inclination. All unheralded comes a layman's guide to Christian belief, *We Live by Faith,* by **Ruby Lornell.** It is the only theology for laymen I know that most laymen could get. But what is better for our purposes, Mrs. Lornell has written a refresher that will sharpen theological appetites even in this seasonal slump. She is brisk, she is breezy, and she is as theologically sophisticated as they come. If you want to know what the New Reformation has done in Protestant theology, if you know but want to see how it can be communicated, then this is the book for you. Use it for a senior or adult class someday, but brush up with it yourself, now.

When steam is up, move on to **Alexander Miller's** *The Renewal of Man.* Here too is a successful statement of what all the last thirty years' fuss has meant in theology—but in this case, in one particular doctrine: justification by faith. The problem is set up by an analysis of novels by Arthur Koestler, Graham Greene and Robert Penn Warren. When the question is stated by these sensitive artists, in terms of our own experience, then the answers suggested by the Reformers are restated and defended in their relevance. You can see the possibilities. But there are surprises on every page, even so. Anybody with a flicker of theological concern will eat it up, and hope that Miller's gusto and verve will come out in the reader's preaching. This first volume in Doubleday's "Christian Faith Series" has set me reaching for the rest.

And while you're rolling, go on to *Protestant Christianity,* by **John Dillenberger** and **Claude Welch.** This is a study of our Christian thinking, interpreted as it has developed from the Reformation until today. Not many American seminaries ever give students this kind of historico-systematic understanding of Christian thought. And till now no book has been available which surveys the whole development in the light of current formulations. So reading this book will be more than a refresher: it is instruction that takes us way back and brings us up to date. The writing is clear, occasionally colloquial, neatly joined—but it is not easy. It could not be, and handle what it has to handle. The effort involved for the reader, though, has been fractioned by the writers' remarkable efforts, and the energies used will have been put to the proper use by Christians who would be rightly informed.

Pulpit Calendar

Apr. 3-10—Holy Week.
Apr. 3—Palm Sunday.
Apr. 7—Maundy Thursday.
Apr. 8—Good Friday.
Apr. 10—Easter.
Apr. 17—1st Sunday after Easter.
Apr. 24—2nd Sunday after Easter. Christian College Day.
May 1-8—National Family Week.
May 1—3rd Sunday after Easter.
May 6—May Fellowship Day.
May 8—4th Sunday after Easter. Mother's Day.
May 15—5th Sunday after Easter. Rural Life Sunday.
May 19—Ascension Day.
May 22—1st Sunday after Ascension.
May 29—Whitsunday (Pentecost).
May 30—Memorial Day.
June 5—Trinity Sunday.
June 12—2nd Sunday after Pentecost. Children's Day.
June 19—3rd Sunday after Pentecost. Father's Day.
June 26—4th Sunday after Pentecost.

(Pulpit Calendar lists dates in the calendar of the Christian year and other observances of national or religious significance.)

International Family

AS Christians we rejoice in an ecumenical fellowship which penetrates all artificial curtains and transcends all barriers of race or nationality. Our differences on social and political questions should be seen in the double perspective of our determination to free men from misery and want, to stand against totalitarian doctrine and its pressures. When full expression of our fellowship is impossible, we should live in such a way as to be prepared for understanding when we meet face to face. Thus we make our contribution to the cooperation which must succeed competition. *O. Frederick Nolde, before the World Council's Second Assembly.*

The Editor's Page

The Event of the Month

THE history of this half century of world Christianity cannot be written without the appearance of the name of John R. Mott in almost every chapter. My memory goes back to 1896 when two vigorous young men, Mott and Robert E. Speer, came to Drake University where I was a student. They were just launching a crusade for student volunteers to "evangelize the world in this generation." Across the nation they went to scores of colleges with the same appeal for the instant seizing of a unique opportunity which might not return. Becoming general secretary of the American Y.M.C.A., John R. Mott projected this organization in a global scope, resulting in the establishing of Y.M.C.A.'s in the great cities of every continent. The Student Volunteer Movement was followed by the World Student Federation. Soon he sensed, with many others, the scandal of competitive sectarianism in the foreign missionary approach. He became the leading spirit in the historic World Missionary Conference in Edinburgh, 1910, over which he presided. (I have the proud memory of being a delegate there.) From this event there sprang the International Missionary Council, innumerable Councils of Churches in many lands, and finally the World Council of Churches. In these developments, and many others, Dr. Mott was the outstanding leader. At the age of 81, at Amsterdam, 1948, he was made the honorary president of the World Council and was given a tremendous ovation at Evanston when he appeared on the platform. His sense of urgency to grasp a providential opportunity was never lost. If his original crusade proved to be unrealistic, he always found that the mysterious working of God's providence in history was perennially confronting the Church with new and greater challenges. The vast change in the picture of world Christianity as we know it today is due pre-eminently to his consecrated statesmanship.

The Passing of a Great Churchman

The Book of the Month

CONGREGATIONALISM. *By Daniel Jenkins. Harper, $2.00.*

HERE is a book which Congregationalists simply *must* read. Also every minister and responsible layman in those churches which spell their congregationalism with a small "c"—Baptists, Disciples and others. It is a contribution of major importance to ecumenical understanding. Dr. Jenkins spends three months each year as a professor on the Federated Theological Faculty of the University of Chicago. He thus knows both British and American Congregationalism intimately. The "essence" of Congregationalism, he maintains, is its insistence that every believer m "come to terms with the whole church in its m concrete form, the local company of Chris people, gathered together in church order." T so-called creedlessness of Congregationali "makes it more completely dependent on its fa in Him than any other church." A local church the whole church manifested in a particular pla Its independence and autonomy must be exercis with ecumenical responsibility, that is, as part the "whole great church." I especially recomme the reading of this book by members of the "A sociation for the Preservation of Congregatio Principles," and equivalent organizations amo Baptists and Disciples.

A Thought for the Month

IT is a recognized principle of ethics that a pa ticular virtue needs to be balanced by its opp site. Self-denial is a fundamental principle of t moral and spiritual life. But it is rightly balanc by the duty of self-development. The virtue of se sacrifice for others is not whol measured by the deed done the gift given; it also deriv value from the character of t doer or the giver. The development and enrichme of our own selves is as truly a Christian duty the sacrifice of our personal interests. Many mother devotes herself with such servile self-sa rifice to her children that when they grow up sh suddenly awakens to the fact that she has n grown with them, that they are beyond the bound of her companionship. This is not only too high price to pay for their upbringing, but in norm cases is unnecessary. More than anything she ca do for her children is what she is in herself. Man a pastor is wearing himself out in self-sacrifi for his flock at the cost of his own intellectual an spiritual self-culture. After all, the best thing h can do for his people is to keep growing in his un derstanding of the richness of his gospel. In th everyday walk of life, the finest thing we can giv to others who walk by our side is the confidenc the richness and the strength of our own soul. Th distressed need our sympathy and our outstretche hand. But they need even more the presence an equal companionship of one who unselfishly ha grown into a rich and noble personality. It was no the sheer fact of his self-sacrifice that made Jesu the world's Redeemer. It was the kind of self tha he sacrificed. He washed his disciples' feet; bu John says that he did so knowing that he cam from God and went to God. It was not the act o a servant, but of a King.

Self-Denial and Self-Enrichment

Charles Clayton Morrison

For the Record—

NE way or another, most of this April issue is related to Easter. ar as our gospel is the Good s of the Garden, that emphasis d not be out of place in any h. But especially in April do we God's saving act and reflect upon eaning.

e Resurrection and its reception he foci of Browne Barr's Easter ion, "God Is Not Mocked." The asis is on the second half of the er question that Christians have k themselves every day: what did do, and how are we to take it? L. McKay's brief meditation on Living Room" fits in here, too. ster does not stand alone, of se. There is preparation and re-pection. A Lenten sermon which, for exigencies of space, might have in the March issue is Charles R. rew's triptych, "The Prodigal " Once read, the idea has a cer- inevitability about it; it seems a ssary way to get at each level of h in the story. Yet it took a lively gination to work it out just this . For looking back at Easter, Nels ré's very personal sermon may . It is a regular catalogue of the sings in the event, suggestive of ral post-Easter sermons with ch a preacher could follow through. arold Bosley's sermon in support he church has a different justifica- . It is chosen with the post-Easter son in mind, but this time with ctical concern for the attendance mp that sometimes comes along ut then. One hitch: Dr. Bosley can te the sermon, we can print it, but have to figure out how to get its t across to the targets who are not re!

We are grateful to Harper for ing us include, in advance of publi-ion, a chapter from Elton True-od's forthcoming *Declaration of edom.* "The Ground of Hope" is of the Colver Lectures which Dr. eblood delivered at Brown Univer- in 1954 and which will make up new book.

When I came to The Pulpit office I nd many manuscripts in which nisters discussed general problems the ministry. Some made helpful gestions, others raised questions ich could prompt fruitful discussion our columns. To get them in, ugh, something else had to give. is spring I have asked the faithful rence Seidenspinner and Ernest urian to let me use the columns y have filled so regularly with their rship and music counsel. We are teful to them for their diligence d shall look forward to hearing re from them from time to time. anwhile, we shall have guest edi-ials from ministers with ideas to nt or axes to grind. The first, by bert Zearfoss, is in the first cate-y and is appropriate to the space its worship suggestiveness.

T.A.G.

The Pulpit

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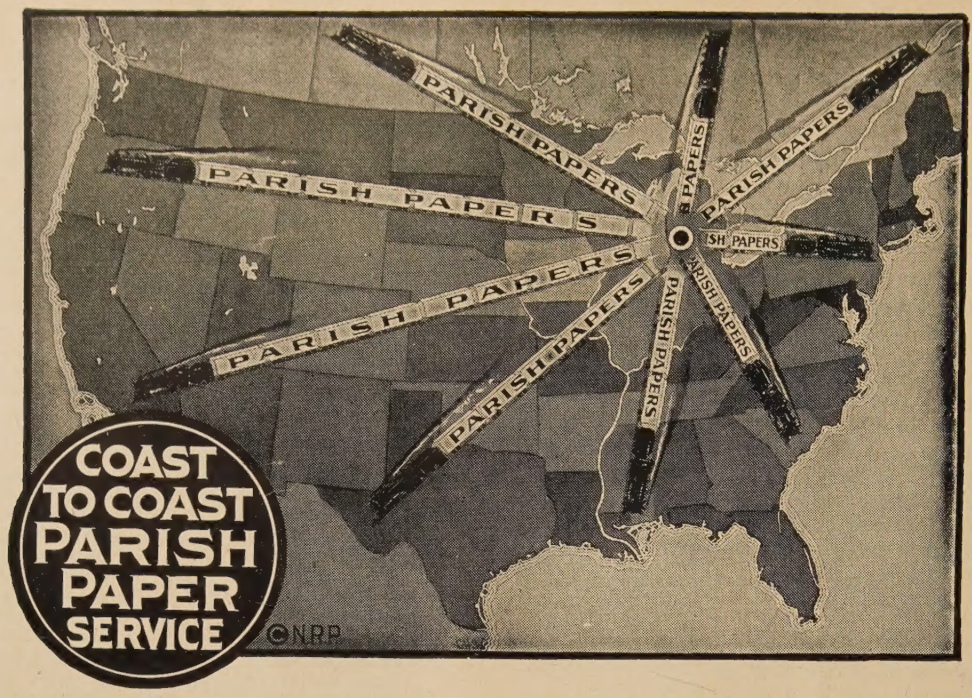

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